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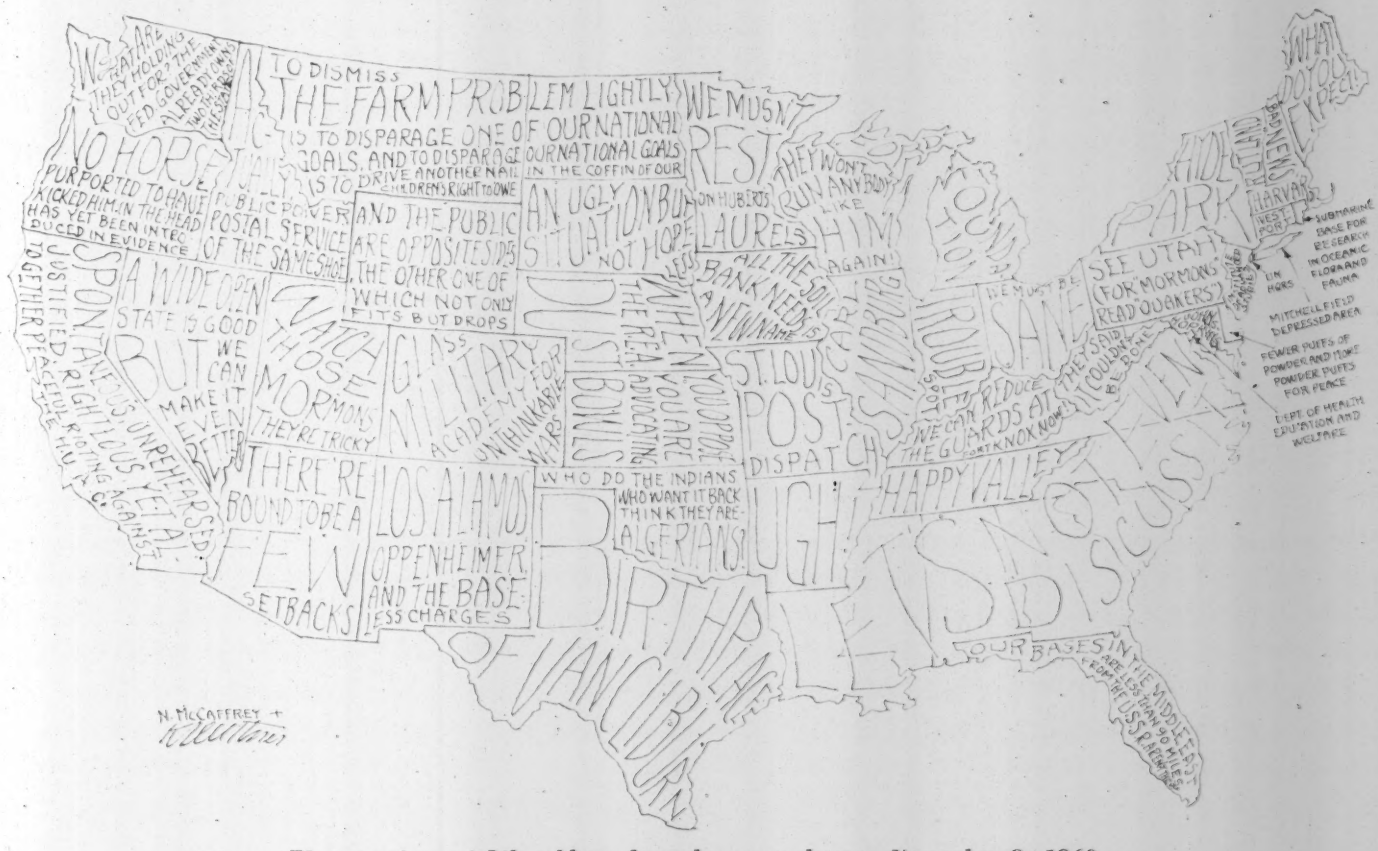
A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION


TO DISMISS THE FARM PROBLEM LIGHTLY IS TO DISPARAGE ONE OF OUR NATIONAL GOALS, AND TO DISPARAGE OUR NATIONAL GOALS IS TO DRIVE ANOTHER NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF OUR CHILDREN'S RIGHT TO OWE
WE MUSN'T REST ON HUBERT'S LAURELS
THEY WON'T RUN ANY BODY LIKE HIM AGAIN
NO HORSE
PURPORTED TO HAVE KICKED HIM IN THE HEAD HAS YET BEEN INTRODUCED IN EVIDENCE
PUBLIC POWER
POSTAL SERVICE
OF THE SAME SHOE
AND THE PUBLIC ARE OPPOSITES SIDES. THE OTHER ONE OF WHICH NOT ONLY FITS BUT DROPS
AN UGLY SITUATION BUT NOT HOPELESS
ALL THE SOIL BANK NEEDS IS A NEW NAME
WHEN YOU'RE ADVOCATING THE REA YOU'RE ADVOCATING DUST BOWLS
A WIDE OPEN STATE IS GOOD BUT WE CAN MAKE IT EVEN BETTER
WATCH THOSE MORMONS THEY'RE TRICKY
GLASS MILITARY ACADEMY
ON THINK ABOUT IT FOR YEARS
ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH
WE CAN REDUCE THE GUARDS AT FORT KNOX NOW
THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE
SEE UTAH (FOR MORMONS READ DUGGERS)
SPONTANEOUS UNREHEARSED
JUSTIFIED RIGHTEOUS YET ALL TOGETHER PEACEFUL ROTTEN AGAINST
THERE'RE BOUND TO BE A FEW SETBACKS
LOS ALAMOS OPPENHEIMER AND THE BASE LESS CHARGES
WHO DO THE INDIANS WHO WANT IT BACK THINK THEY ARE ALGERIANS
BIRTHPLACE OF VANGUARD
HAPPY VALLEY
OUR BASES IN THE MIDDLE EAST ARE LESS THAN 90 MILES FROM THE USSR
SUBMARINE BASE FOR RESEARCH IN OCEANIC FLORA AND FAUNA
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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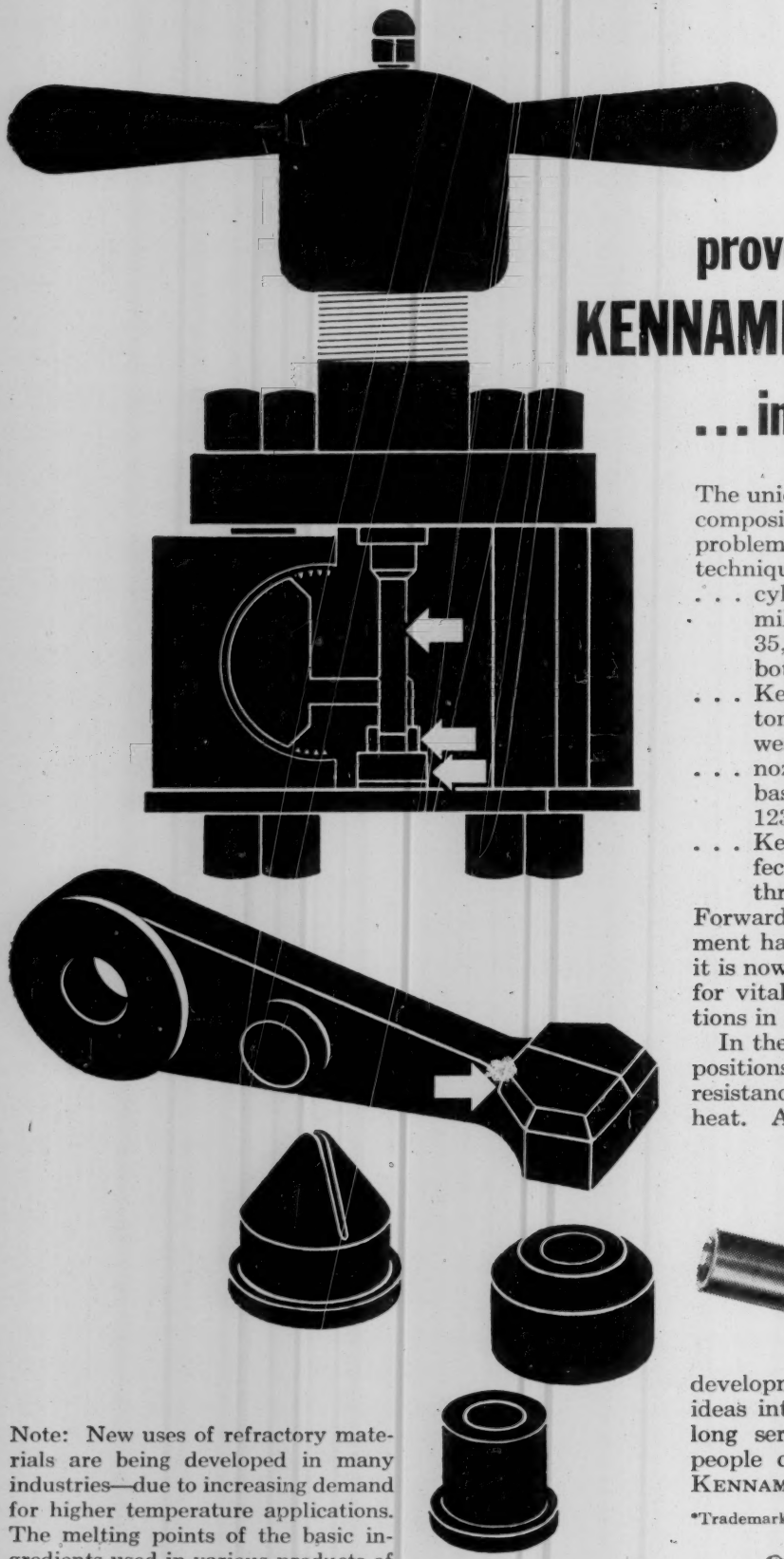
In This Issue . . .

→ we feature a sensitive and impassioned tone poem on psychoanalysis by **John Dos Passos,** by common consent one of the nation's great writers. Mr. Dos Passos has in recent years intensified his interest in American history, and has brought out several books on the age and circumstances in which America was born. In this impression, he combines his analytical powers with those of the novelist, and the result is *force majeure*: an overpowering, though nonetheless entertaining, indictment of fetish-psychiatry, a great dehumanizing force of the century. Mr. Dos Passos, once a Socialist, perseveres in his enthusiasm for human freedom, which led him, in 1952, to serve as chairman of the Artists, Scientists and Writers Committee for Robert Taft for President. . . . **Brent Bozell** publicizes an address given by Senator Barry Goldwater two weeks ago before the Air War College—a remarkable statement on the nature of the struggle with the Soviet Union, identifying the Senator as among the half dozen men in Congress with the truest notion of what we are up against in the world. **James Burnham,** in the same connection, reaffirms the distinction between the Softs and the Hards in the struggle for the world, and reviews enthusiastically a collection of (for the most part) Hard essays on our progress in the cold war, the burden of which is that we are losing the war—but that we need not do so. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** writes, as ever provocatively, about the bonds, historical, temperamental and cultural, between Germany and Russia, and their likely effect on policy.

→ **M. Stanton Evans** reviews a horror-story account of the population problem. . . . **Colin Clark** discusses yet another book by the prodigious Henry Hazlitt, and here and there disputes some of Mr. Hazlitt's contentions. . . . The Reverend **F. D. Cohalan,** writing for the first time in NATIONAL REVIEW, is a professor of history at Cathedral College in New York. He is a son of Judge Daniel Cohalan, a major political figure in the pre-World War I years, floor manager of Senator Champ Clark's forces in the 1912 political convention that made the epochal error of nominating Woodrow Wilson. He reviews a book on Wilson. . . . Dr. **Stefan T. Possony,** author of *Century of Conflict* and professor at Georgetown University, draws attention to three important books on various aspects of the world struggle. . . . And **Francis Russell,** writing about the movie *Spartacus*, has the time of his life.

→ In our next issue, which will be distributed during the holidays, we will take a respite from huff & puff, and listen to the trials of a housewife, **Aloise Heath,** as her family prepares for Christmas. And **William Rickenbacker** will remind us, approaching the year's end, of the myth of progress, in whose name so much mischief is being done. →



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The WEEK

● Tempers are arising in Illinois, where the Nixon Recount Committee continues to investigate the balloting boxes. Republicans say that preliminary findings indicate that Nixon won the state; Democrats scoff at this. Republicans say that in 151 districts so far investigated they have gained 1,283 votes for Nixon (who lost the state by 8,849); Democrats say the recount was without "any significant change." Republicans say that they have found ballots on which an "X" in the Republican column was erased and an "X" written in the Democratic column, and that a court test would invalidate 15,000 ballots, most of them cast for Kennedy. Republicans also demand invalidation of two boxes filled with unused ballots. Democrats call these "human errors" and "clerical" mistakes. Republicans discovered ballot boxes being brought to City Hall without seals or with broken seals; Democrats say the seals were just pieces of gummed paper and could have come unstuck or been broken in transit. Chicago, we are told, is named after an Indian word meaning "place where the wild onion grows." Wonder what's the Indian word for rhubarb?

● Arthur Krock writes that when he speaks of the Nixon-Rockefeller-Goldwater Republican triumvirate, he does not mean to imply that Goldwater has the "potential of influence" of the other two; Goldwater is included only by way of conceding that there still are a few conservatives within the Republican camp. Mr. Rockefeller's "potential of influence," in point of fact, may not materialize—if upstate New York's Republican legislators have their say during the next two years. Many of the Governor's housing, rent control and welfare programs are not popular. And the upstate legislators are out of sympathy with the Governor's attempts to lure Democratic New York City votes. They point out that this year's election—after two years of Rockefeller—was the first national or state election since 1948 in which the Republicans failed to get 60 per cent of the vote outside of New York City, and that deep inroads were made into the suburban and upstate Republican margin. Had the Republicans maintained their 60 per cent margin, Nixon would have carried the state and won the election.

● Why pick on American military personnel to save a billion dollars a year? In the past two weeks alone, the *New York Times* has reported that 1) the nationalized Bolivian tin mines will receive $10 million from the United States to keep them operating; 2) the United Nations has received a $20 million cash advance from the U.S., to allow its Congo occupation to continue; 3) the UN has granted $19 million to UNESCO—the major part again coming from the U.S., of course; 4) the World Bank (read the United States) will loan socialist Norway $25 million; 5) the International Monetary Fund will loan Communist Yugoslavia another $300 million, at least $185 million coming from the U.S.; and 6) the Development Loan Fund (read the U.S.) has granted $114 million to neutralist India. That amounts to nearly $375 million handed out by Uncle Sam in two weeks, not counting new expenditures *not* listed in the *Times* (of which we suspect there are many) and not counting those expenditures already in operation. In the last six weeks of his term, the President might merely peruse the *Times* each morning, review every additional "loan," and retire from office having saved the $1 billion—without depriving American servicemen of their families.

● In the cordial meeting between Pope John XXIII and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the call for unifying four of the major Protestant churches in the United States, we hope we see a trend. For this is what we need, if the immoral unity of Communism in its dedication to a material and ungodly interpretation of life is to meet its counterpart in the moral unity of the West. While the Communists have worshiped their single anti-God in a single no-church, the West has worshiped God in an almost anarchical variety of churches. In the total confrontation with Communism what the West needs immediately is not a doctrinal and ritual unity, but the unity that springs from common moral perceptions and public acknowledgment of the Christian underpinning of Western civilization. It is fitting that the religious leaders, who were among the first to oppose the immorality of Communism, should be among the first to work toward an explicit moral commitment that will crystallize the energies of the West in the hour of judgment.

● At its 273rd working session, two years, one month and five days after its opening, the Geneva conference on banning nuclear tests came to full agreement: on a motion to adjourn until February 7. Since September there has not been even that circular progress on non-essential details that in the past furnished copy for an occasional optimistic news release. The Soviet delegation has just sat on its heels, for the very good reason that it hopes that the new American Administration will be easier to deal with, and will not make, in Tsarapkin's

words, such "excessive demands concerning controls." Meanwhile, under the old Administration—though both its military and its nuclear experts report the likelihood that the Soviet Union has been testing new devices—we scrupulously respect our self-imposed "moratorium," and the gradual obsolescence of our weapons that follows in its wake.

● In granting $1 million in loans to Cuban refugees in the United States, President Eisenhower for the first time classified the Castro regime as Communist-controlled. The refugee grant came from funds authorized by Congress "to encourage the hopes and aspirations of peoples who have been enslaved by Communism," and to proclaim "the hope that the peoples who have been subjected to the captivity of Communist despotism shall again enjoy the right of self-determination."

● Cairo's "old" Shepheard's Hotel—perfumed symbol of mystery, conquerors, diplomats, spies, nobility, cigarettes and lovers—was run in its late years by Belgians, who beat even the Swiss as international innkeepers. In 1952 rioting mobs enjoyed themselves one evening burning it to ashes. Why? Because at that time the British were operating the Suez Canal and that made Egyptians cross at the British; and, well, naturally, it followed that the thing to do was to burn a Belgian hotel. The Belgians, incurably optimistic, built a new Shepheard's, bigger than ever if less romantic, and it has been going great guns. Last week President Nasser expropriated the new Shepheard's, along with all other Belgian enterprises in the UAR—of which there have been a good many, productive and well-managed, as is the Belgian way. Why? Because President Kasavubu had expelled the UAR's ambassador from the Congo after discovering that he had been conspiring with Patrice Lumumba; and, well, Belgium used to rule the Congo, and Belgians don't like Lumumba, and Kasavubu speaks French with a Belgian accent, and anyway the ambassador couldn't have been expelled unless Belgium had made the Congo an independent nation that you send ambassadors to, and, well, you see the connection, don't you? *You Build It and We Grab It!* It seems like an odd slogan to attract the capital investment that we are told it is our duty to pour into these new nations that Soapy Williams is going to scrub up for President Kennedy.

● The Manion Forum of the Air continues to grow, and can now be picked up almost everywhere in the United States. The program was founded by Clarence Manion, former dean of the law school at Notre Dame, in the fall of 1954, shortly after he was fired from his high position as an adviser to the President, for taking substantially the same view on the dangers of treaty law that was taken on behalf of the Republican Party by John Foster Dulles while campaigning in 1952. Since its founding, Dean Manion has introduced to his radio audience just about every respectable Tory in America. Recently, for instance, he put on Secretary Benson, who advised us that "the economics of the farm dilemma is simple—it is the politics of the problem that is baffling. What farmers want and need is less government in the farming business—less politics in agriculture." It is good fare. Write, if you are inclined, to the Manion Forum, at St. Joseph Bank Building, South Bend, Indiana, for a list of the stations carrying his broadcasts.

● It was a bit much, we thought, for the State Department to ask Cuba to return fragments of a U.S. space rocket gone wrong, which had exploded and splattered a sparsely settled region of Oriente Province causing damage (fatal) to one cow. But the State Department's effrontery evidently worked. Instead of the routine six-hour radio-TV diatribe against Yankee imperialism, which was certainly in order when bits of our space program were dotting the Cuban landscape, the only Cuban reaction was a mere march on the U.S. Embassy by students of Havana University leading ten cows, and one—most reluctant—bull. The demonstration gave birth to a new Fidelista battle-cry: "We will win, with or without cows!"

The Sino-Soviet Unsplit

Readers of *Bear and Dragon*, NATIONAL REVIEW's Supplement on Sino-Soviet relations, will not have been surprised by the result of the Communist Summit meeting. Representatives of 81 Communist parties labored in mouse-like silence for four weeks in Moscow, and came out with a mountain of a document that reaffirmed the solidarity of all Communists everywhere against the non-Communist world, and the primacy of the Soviet Party in the Communist camp. *"The Communist and workers' parties unanimously declare that the Communist party of the Soviet Union has been, and remains, the universally recognized vanguard of the world communist movement."*

To celebrate publication of the gigantic Manifesto—about five times as long and ten times as fully written as the Marx-Engels 1848 original—Liu Shao-chi, Communist China's chief of state, took the salute at ceremonies in Leningrad, Minsk and Moscow, and attended a gala performance held in his honor by the Bolshoi Ballet.

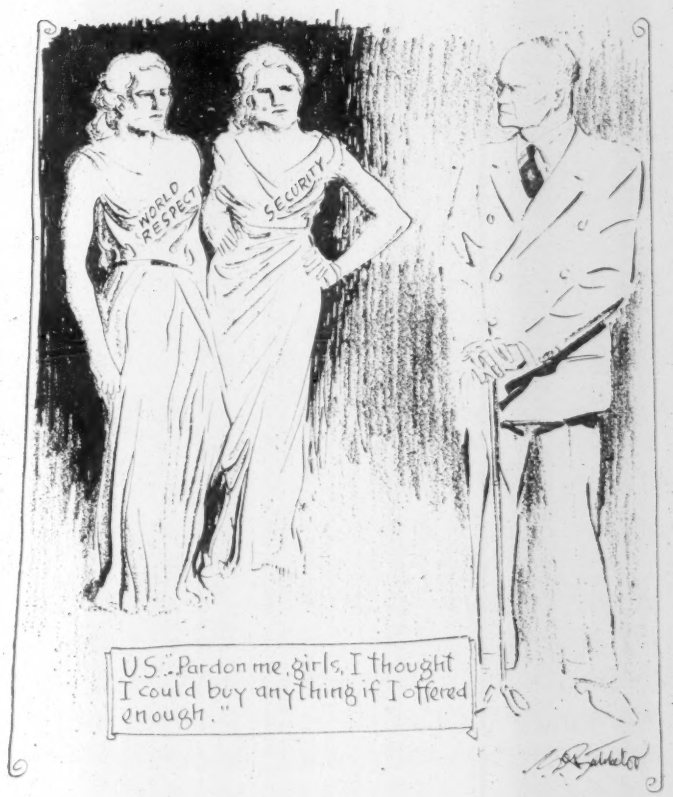
All month we read the daily inside-stuff accounts of the fierce battles between China—impressively

supported by Albania, Ethiopia and Paraguay or was it Togoland—and the Russians over peaceful or peaceless coexistence. Here we have the payoff for all that nonsense, drivel and speculation. Will our never-abashed journalists and experts now inform us that—at the very last breathless moment—the Russians squeaked through to a narrow win over their Eastern rivals (in this battle that never existed except in the heads of said journalists and experts)? Or will they prefer to forget the whole business and go to the next obfuscation?

Of course the unitary rhetoric of the Manifesto does not mean that there were no disputes, including disputes between Russians and Chinese. Undoubtedly there were, though their substance was more probably the real questions of power than the doctrinal niceties with which Communist jargon customarily clothes the facts of power when showing them to the outer world. But none of the disputes had, or has had, or will have for at least some years to come, a strategic significance. None affects the unity of the Communist bloc in the face of its enemy—that is, in the face of all non-Communists.

It is certain that neither internal disputes, even of a tactical sort, nor the abstractions of theory were the principal topic of the month's deliberations. The Communists met to set their strategic course for the next period, which they judge to be exceptionally favorable for gigantic strides toward their unchanging goal of world conquest. The four-pronged pattern of their strategic plan is already plain: one thrust into the Southeast Asian peninsula, pushing toward India on the West, the South Sea islands to the South, Formosa and the Philippines to the east; another across the mideast bridge into Africa, with a new focus on Algeria just ahead; a third against Berlin and West Germany, with the aim of slowing West German rearmament; and the fourth, into the Caribbean from the Cuban base. These in the field, with operations covered by a dialectical diplomacy of coexistence and disarmament combined with nuclear blackmail at the diplomatic, UN and governmental level.

The Kremlin hand is not so hard to trace—most of the mysteries are of our own making.



Fresh Meat for Old Salts

It is not likely, though it is not quite impossible, that the plan for military reorganization submitted by Senator Stuart Symington to President-presumptive Kennedy will get far. Institutional changes of such scope can be pushed through, war or catastrophe apart, only by a vigorous President in the springtime of his Administration. Besieged by the claims of the wounded dollar, the deepening recession, the international fireworks and the ravenous economic pressure groups, Mr. Kennedy will hardly have time and energy to spare for the kind of campaign that would be needed to put the Symington plan across, even if he fully agreed with it, which he was careful *not* to do when he formally received it last week.

Still, this is not the last, as it is not the first, time that we shall be hearing, in one guise or another, the proposals that on this occasion are being advanced by Senator Symington. They cannot be suppressed permanently because they follow so ineluctably from the logic of modern weapons systems and the nature of contemporary warfare.

What the plan is aiming at—though it stops short of spotting the end target—is: 1) a "General Staff system"; and 2) an operational structure reorganized along functional lines.

"The present departmental structure of the Army, Navy and Air Force would be eliminated. This in turn would do away with the present positions of service Secretaries, Under Secretaries and Assistant Secretaries. The services would remain separate organic units [a phrase not otherwise explained] within a single Department." There would be left a single Secretary of Defense, as civilian chief, under the President, of the entire defense establishment, with a Deputy, and Under Secretaries for "Weapons Systems" and "Administration." The entire defense

budget would be appropriated to the Secretary of Defense, instead of separately to the several services as at present.

In the corresponding military structure, the Joint Chiefs of Staff would be replaced by a single "Chairman of the Joint Staff," who "would preside over a group of senior officers from all services to be known as the Military Advisory Council. Each of such senior officers would be appointed by the President and would no longer have any functions or responsibilities in the service from which he came and to which he would not return." That is, the Chairman plus his Advisory Council would constitute a permanent, unitary General Staff.

The individual services would be retained, "with responsibility for administration and logistics," and their separate Chiefs of Staff. But operationally, the establishment would be organized into three active "unified commands" plus one "reserve command," the commanders of which would report directly to the Chairman of the Joint Staff: "a) a Strategic Command, responsible for all strategic missions [*e.g.*, for Polaris or carrier-based strategic bombers as well as B-52, Atlas and Minuteman]; b) a Tactical Command, responsible for all limited and conventional missions; c) a Defense Command, responsible for all continental defense missions;" d) a fourth Command in charge of National Guard, reserve elements of all services and Civil Defense. (A fifth, Political Warfare Command, is required by the implicit logic, but Mr. Symington either does not understand this or has, perhaps for prudential reasons, chosen to omit it from his report.)

It is obvious that though the traditional services remain within this structure, their role is so reduced that they would tend to atrophy and in the end disappear as separate entities. There could still be separate uniforms, but presumably they would in time distinguish Strategic, Tactical and Defense—and Psy-war—men from each other, not soldiers from sailors or airmen.

The arguments for so drastic a shift have been made in detail over the past decade. The division of services according to "elements" (land, sea, air) no longer corresponds to strategic realities. The traditional division makes it impossible to have a unified War Plan and a truly unified operational control of such missions as strategic deterrence. It is reduplicative and wasteful. (Senator Symington claims a potential saving of $8 billion that could be diverted to new weapons.) The independence of the services, with its reflection in the multiple civilian departments and the Joint Chiefs, each with a kind of veto power, paralyzes the decision process and doubles the lead-time in weapons development. And so on.

The counter-arguments are also familiar. Some rivalry among the services is healthy, as a stimulant to new invention: Thor and Jupiter (Army) stimulate Atlas (Air Force) and Polaris (Navy). The traditional loyalties are necessary to morale. A unified staff system permits dictatorial control, endangers civilian supremacy, and diminishes the ability of Congress to exercise its constitutional prerogatives in relation to military policy.

Behind the formal arguments are conflicting political, social and financial interests: the Navy and Army, which believe that this sort of plan is an Air Force plot to take over the entire establishment; the Air Force, which hopes the same; the civilian service associations that line up with their active brothers, and the congressmen who specialize in defense; the great armament corporations, which have enormous stakes in the outcome, many of which are often linked with one particular service rather than the others.

We believe it fair to conclude that the more narrowly military and strategic case favors proposals along the Symington line; that the political and social case—from a republican and constitutional standpoint, at any rate—on net runs against them. We hope that the issue, even if it cannot be decided by the new Congress, will not be silently shelved. What the nation really needs to know, and what has not yet been convincingly shown either way, is whether the strategic case has become so imperative that it compels us to waive the undeniable risks of so sharp a break with tradition.

We're FOR Price Controls

Prices are coming down, and in an astonishing variety of items: car tires, plastics, wood pulps, paper, cocoa, copper, aluminum products, zinc, refrigerators, washing machines, electric ranges, used cars, Japanese transistor radios, new electronic components, soft goods, fur, railroad tickets, real estate, and—to the extent that the price didn't rise when the companies raised their wages—steel. The price declines find expression in declines in the spot indices of industrial raw materials, lumber and wood products, machinery and motive products, household appliances, metals, and commodities (excluding farm and food products).

On the other hand, the cost-of-living index shows a continued rise, chiefly because of rises in the prices of services, rent and food.

In all this we detect both the beneficent working of the free market and the malignant working of interventionists who seek to get in the way of market forces. For the price declines, which bring joy to

tens of millions of consumers, are the direct result of the helplessness of business when faced with irresistible market forces. But the price rises continue to occur in those areas where the "welfare" state has most mightily insisted upon its responsibility to interfere: in wages, rentals, and farm and food products. It should be clear that those who are interested in "price control"—equitable, swiftly responsive, and untrammeled by administrative costs—need look no further than the free market.

Oh, No!

It is beginning to appear as though the Congo *owned* a third of the front page of every newspaper in the land, and the effect is cloying. Must we, for the rest of our lives, go through this kind of thing, maybe switching six months from now to Upper Volta, next to Somalia, ad infinitum, ad nauseam? Granted we live in a vale of tears, must we be reminded of the human predicament by daily immersion in the lurid minutiae of Congolese politics?

Mr. Lumumba is now a prisoner of Mr. Kasavubu. If we understand Congolese "law," he is rightly a prisoner. For Kasavubu, as president, has the right to dismiss the premier, and did so last September. Lumumba appealed to the Parliament, which has the right to overrule Kasavubu. The Parliament voted pro Lumumba, but *not* by a sufficient majority to invalidate the dismissal. From that moment on, Lumumba's pretensions to authority were usurpatory, and his activities subversive. He is being called to account. We hope he will be caused to retire from politics.

But that, of course, will not dispose of the Congo crisis. Lumumba has followers, just as he had masters, and the two will meet in some other figure, either designated by the Soviet Union, or deputized by Lumumba to seek out Soviet support, and off we will go again, with bloodshed, chaos, a million miles of newspaper reporting, millions upon millions of American dollars sent to the Congo to stanch a seemingly stanchless lesion—until, one day, someone takes effective power.

Obviously neither Kasavubu nor Lumumba is valuable. The most sensible policy of the United States would seem to be to deal through Moise Tshombe in Katanga Province and to cooperate in sealing in the Congolese borders against outside interference, to be followed by a message to the Congolese politicians: Gentlemen, fight it out—with your own arms, knives, pots and pans; with your own food and medicine and amulets. And when you are quite through, and have advised us who is in effective control of your country, we shall resume diplomatic relations.

Who will demonstrate that this is not, in the end, the most human approach, and the most feasible?

A Beat Reflection on Our Election

Like big Daddy Nixon lost it by a hair man.

Like that Morton cat is going around saying some squares sold their votes.

Like that far out cat Walter the Lip cried that the hairdo got a real mandate from the people.

Like the election night picture of the whole hairdo family sitting around the pad sisters in slacks and the king with a big black stogie was really with it man.

Like that cool cat Rocky in the big one fell asleep in the pad and the hairdo stole his .45.

Like the meek do not inherit the earth.

Like the squares flipped over the "100 Days": I mean man have you seen the New Frontiers?

VERITAS, JUNIOR
Harvard, '61

Listen, Mills

Harper's Magazine is pushing a digest of the new book by Professor C. Wright Mills, *Listen, Yankee*, whose thesis is that everything Fidel Castro has done and is doing is right, and that everything the United States has done and is doing is wrong. Mr. Mills, a man of vigorous mind and many talents, has turned in recent years to eccentricity. Fortunately, this is widely known. It is a relief to note that when his name is mentioned nowadays in stable company, the response is usually a smile, of the same kind you would get if you dropped the name of Hetty Green. What is a pity is that Professor Mills, who won disciples to some of the daring and perceptive theories of his earlier books (*e.g., The New Man of Power, White Collar, The Power Elite*), should be exercising an influence he earned during more responsible moments, to lead his followers into a policy of No-think on the subject of Castro's Cuba. The Fair Play for Cuba Committee, of which he is the principal energumen, is this season's re-enactment of the *ad hoc* committee defending the Moscow trials in the late thirties, a maneuver of the Communist-dominated American League Against War and Fascism.

We shall always have moral perverts among us—sometimes they will go on to explode, as Norman

Mailer has—and there is nothing much that can be done about it. But for the record, let's keep our eyes on Professor Mills and the other apologists for Fidel Castro, and judge their future pronouncements in the light of their indifference to the fate of freedom, civil liberties, and self-government—in Cuba.

'We Must Understand . . .'

Mr. Jacques Soustelle, in New York to report on the United Nations debate on Algeria, delivered an address last week under the auspices of the National Review Forum, before an audience of about 1,200. Excerpts:

—The so-called French Peace Fighters are like the "peace fighters" of so many nations nowadays. When you go to the core of what they want, it is to help those who are waging war against France or against the Western world. When they say peace, what they really mean is war.

On the other hand, it is not true that all the members of the French Left are separatists, who back the FLN. Recently a manifesto was issued by the Leftists for a French Algeria. You can be for a French Algeria whether you are Left, Center, or Right.

—Several forces combine to expel the Free World from its holdings in Africa and the Middle East. In the case of Algeria, the main forces are Pan-Arabism, with its fanatical will for domination, and Communism. The order to start the revolt on November 1, 1955, came from Cairo. The FLN was formed in Egypt, its parent committee organized by the Egyptian secret service. The Algerian Communist Party was very cautious at first. It was not until the following summer that it received orders to support the rebellion. Since that time the influence of Communist Party members and of Communist ideas has grown steadily. Newspaper readers were surprised when Ferhat Abbas (the rebel leader) journeyed to Peiping and Moscow. What surprises me is their surprise.

—The favorite weapon in Algeria is the knife—the knife of terrorism. Our instinctive reaction to terrorism is that it is barbaric, an angry reflex. But it isn't. It is organized coolly, logically. It is a method to break the will of the people. The FLN must break the native Algerians' will to resist, and so must kill, and kill by specially spectacular and frightening means—by cutting noses, and throats. Terrorism is a psychological, not a military technique.

—If Algeria falls to Communism, the situation will be pretty bad. The events of 1943 and 1944 proved that when a power holds Algeria it can control Southern Europe. It was true then with slow planes, it is truer now with missiles and rockets.

—There is a widespread delusion that you can find some middle-of-the-road path, that by making concessions to nationalism you can use it as a bulwark against Communism. I think it is a dangerous delusion, because such a middle-of-the-road position does not exist. We are in the midst of a weaponless war. . . . You must be on one side or another. On one side are all the anti-Western forces, whether camouflaged under the flag of Communism or under other flags. On the other side is the defense of the Free World. We must understand the nature of this subversive war before beginning to wage it. . . . Africa is certainly one of the main targets. But the problem is wider than Africa; it is global. The destiny of all of us will depend on whether the great powers on our side understand early enough the real situation and the real nature of what is going on.

Snake Pit

Those who marvel at the turn of events need to force themselves to get inside the mind of the Liberal ideologue, to try to understand how he views matters; for in the absence of a knowledge of him, one cannot know our world. That is why we devote so much space in NATIONAL REVIEW to quotations from the Liberal press, and must continue to do so, as long as there is a general ignorance of the mad visions of those who play so large a role in our affairs.

We give you the following from Justice W. O. Douglas writing in the *Saturday Review* (issue October 15, 1960):

"The witch-hunts of the Fifties handicapped us in innumerable ways. It [sic] *narrowed our vision, lowered our tolerance, lessened our creative impulses. That spiritual ordeal—coupled with a mounting standard of living—made us indolent. We became insensitive to injustices and complacent of* [sic] *wrongdoing.*

"We cannot glorify Little Rock, anti-Semitism, supremacy of the police, downgrading of education at home, and at the same time be strong abroad."

Stick that on your wall, and when you attempt to hammer reason out of the words or deeds of Mr. Justice Douglas or the gang of which he is a spokesman, remember: *that* is how they encapsulate American history during the Fifties. *During the Fifties we lowered our tolerance* (read: tolerance of Communists and their sympathizers who are trying to do to this country what they did to Russia), *lessened our creative impulses* (in what? Literature? Art? Politics? Science? Jurisprudence? Certainly not! We wrote a brand new Constitution!), *became insensitive to injustices and complacent of wrongdoing* (true: during the Fifties we more or less gave up hoping to redress the injustices and wrongdoing

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that are the order of the day behind the Iron Curtain. But *that* insensitivity is the principal accomplishment of the coexisters and collaborationists—with whom Mr. Douglas has never had a quarrel). *We cannot glorify Little Rock* (who—literally, *who* has glorified Little Rock?) *anti-Semitism* (*who* did that?) *supremacy of the police* (again, *who?*), *downgrading of education at home* (ditto)—*and at the same time be strong abroad.*

That paranoid hogwash, ladies and gentlemen, solemnly put forward by a justice of the Supreme Court in the solemn pages of the *Saturday Review*, passes as thought.

We say: as long as it does, we cannot, indeed, be strong, at home or abroad.

Think! (Double)

Mr. Arthur K. Watson, president of the International Business Machines World Trade Corporation (a subsidiary of the company his father founded) has turned his mind to the problems of the world, thus obeying IBM's traditional policy, to "THINK."

The West, he says, must recognize Red China. The Nationalist Chinese representatives to the UN should represent only Formosa. We must facilitate trade with Red China, withdraw our troops from Germany, disband our airbases in Pakistan, Turkey, the Middle East, North Africa, Spain, Norway, and the rest of Western Europe. Berlin and the China mainland must decide their futures by a free vote. All this, in return for certain benevolences immediately forthcoming from the Russian and Chinese Communists.

We can't help thinking that someone punched the wrong button in Mr. Watson's computer. If the world struggle were no more serious than a domestic spat between two white mice, and if Mr. Watson were the pussycat in charge, we'd go along with his proposals. But something else is going on in the world, of a meaning evidently deeper than the most sophisticated machine at Mr. Watson's disposal is capable of plumbing. The quarrel with Communism is a quarrel between the forces of light and darkness, and our bases and our troops are the torchbearers, without whom another third of the world would be plunged into the night. We suggest Mr. Watson ask himself whether or not such a thing is unTHINKable; and that he have some troops of his own to guard him from satellization by Cyrus Eaton.

Notes and Asides

Er, how do you like our pictures?

For the Record

Only Eisenhower cabinet member who might be held over is James Mitchell. Several union leaders would like to see him continue as Labor Secretary. . . . Kennedy resisting pressures to appoint a Negro to high-level post right away. He fears such appointment would drive Southern congressmen into alliance with GOP to block his legislative program. . . . Some talk that Henry Cabot Lodge may be named to serve on U. S. delegation to UN under Stevenson, or whoever ends up getting job. . . . Congressional Quarterly reports that in last Congress, Northern and Southern Democrats were split on 40 per cent of the roll call votes. Southerners opposed increase in minimum wage, federal aid to education, Kennedy medical plan for aged, tax reform law backed by Liberals. . . . GOP post-mortem: Nixon could have won if there had been a shift of 11,000 votes (in Mo., N.M., Nev. and Ill.) . . . Happy over results: furniture moving companies in D.C., who expect $5 million in business as GOPers move out, Democrats in.

In Paris, it's expected Soviet ambassador Vinogradov may soon be recalled. Vinogradov paved way for closer Franco-Soviet relations, now passé since Khrushchev's open endorsement of FLN. . . . Seventy-six Italian intellectuals —Alberto Moravia, Salvatore Quasimodo, Vittorio Gassman among them—supporting French intellectuals in their manifesto urging French soldiers to refuse to serve in Algeria. . . . Est-Ouest reports leaders of three banned European Communist parties (Spanish, Portuguese and West German) operating from clandestine French bases.

Powerful Industrial Union Department of AFL-CIO, with 7 million members, urges Kennedy to make major tax cuts in order to spur economy. . . . AFL-CIO Building Trades unions planning march on Capitol in March. Object: to get Congress to ease legislation on picketing. . . . Farm prices up 1 per cent in October, the second straight month of price improvement. They're now two points above a year ago. . . . This Christmas, as last, one RFD route in Alaska is being serviced by dog sled.

National Trends

Putting Power to Use

L. BRENT BOZELL

Senator Goldwater may or may not become President, but he could well become, if meanwhile he remains faithful to the lesser mission, a kind of John the Baptist against the day the U.S. returns to national sanity.

Bozell

A week after the election, the Senator unloaded a jolting message to the Air War College that cut ruthlessly across the cant and obscurantism of the recent campaign, and produced a conceptual blueprint, including some specifics, for an entirely different approach to U.S. foreign policy.

The theme of Goldwater's 6,000 word address was "the problem of *power*, and the uses a nation makes of power."

That, he said, "is the key problem of international relations . . . it always has been [and] it always will be."

He began by identifying the object to which U.S. power is properly directed: "Victory over Communism is the dominant, proximate in the sense that there are more . . . 'positive' ends we seek to which victory . . . is but a means." But it is dominant "in the sense that every other objective [*i.e.*, peace, justice, freedom] must [now] defer to it."

And then to an assessment of the resources the U.S. brings to bear on that assignment. Our military advantage, Goldwater concluded, is "obvious and overwhelming." Yet it is otherwise in the matter of "political power—of influence, if you will." Here "the relevant questions are, Is Soviet influence throughout the world greater or less than it was ten years ago? and Is Western influence greater or less than it used to be?" The second question is as important as the first because displacement of Western power is invariably but a prelude to one degree or another of Soviet control. "Unless radical changes are made on our side," Goldwater summed up, this trend is bound to continue "until the U.S. is at bay—isolated and besieged by an entirely hostile world."

What changes? "It is one thing, but it is everything. *We will have to shed the attitudes and techniques of the Salvation Army, and start behaving like a Great Power.* [The] affairs of nations are not determined by good-will tours, almsgiving, gestures of self-denial, rehabilitation projects and discussion programs. . . ." Unlike the USSR, the U.S. has never viewed the cold war as "a military campaign where one isolates his objective, marshals his forces, and takes it! Rather we have [assumed] that virtue has its own reward, that our only real problem is to make sure that the world perceives our virtue. [This] obsession for pleasing people has become . . . no less than the guiding principle of American policy. . . ."

The U.S. and 'World Opinion'

The reasons against "deference to world opinion" are "fairly plain." *First*, "it is self-defeating in that the very admiration and respect we covet is denied to us the moment we go and beg for it. [The] beneficiaries of our concessions . . . construe them as weaknesses, and want more. . . ." *Second*, an attempt "to prove your good faith when it has never really been open to question has the paradoxical effect of raising doubts about your good faith. . . . When we, with our record, enter into a propaganda contest with the Kremlin, with its record—when we try to match Soviet professions of love of democracy and peace, and hatred for armaments and colonialism—we invite the world to look upon us as it looks upon the Soviets, as propagandists with something to hide. . . ." *Third*, in gearing our policies to world opinion, "we have chosen the standard that is most vulnerable to manipulation by our enemies. . . . When we talk about world opinion . . . we are talking about that tiny segment of the world's population that can make itself heard—intellectuals, journalists, the organizers of street mobs. But these real sources of world opinion . . . are precisely the areas in which Communist agitators and propagandists have been most active. . . ."

Goldwater dwelt at some length on concrete situations, and on how they might be dealt with by "a nation fully cognizant of the rights and duties that befall the guardian of Western civilization." Some excerpts:

"*Cuba.* We [would] begin by denying that the way to rid the hemisphere of Castro is to break relations with Trujillo . . . Trujillo is not an enemy and a threat to the U.S. Castro and his Communist patrons are, and it is to dangerous enemies that the disciplinary power of the U.S. is properly addressed. We should therefore make it clear in the most explicit terms . . . that the Castro regime . . . will be eliminated. [We should] proceed with the relevant . . . blockade. And while showing our hand as little as possible, we [should] groom, and if necessary openly assist, a successor government which we would confidently expect to see in power in six months."

"*Africa.* We [would] begin by asserting that it is a Western protégé and a Western responsibility. . . . . In areas where Western power still prevails, the full weight of American diplomacy must be employed to sustain it. In [other areas] we must proceed overtly and covertly to restore Western influence. . . ."

And thus relentlessly with the questions of disarmament, the UN and so on. "*I would be the first to agree,*" Goldwater concluded, "*that it is hard counsel I have urged upon you. . . . Power, however, is an inevitable product of the human condition. Someone has to have it. In our day, the American people possess most of the power of the world. We may regard this fact as a blessing or curse—but there it is. The only [moral question therefore] is whether we will use that power for good ends or permit others to use their lesser power for evil ends.*"

The Third World War

Softs, Hards and American Strategy

JAMES BURNHAM

American thinking on the current international situation, and on the policy and strategy appropriate thereto, divides into two primary tendencies. There is a "hard" tendency that proceeds from the premise that we are at war—though a curious, in some respects unprecedented, kind of war—and that the strategic problem is to win the war. There is a "soft" tendency that proceeds from the contrary premise that we are at peace—though a precarious and troubled peace—and that the strategic problem is to prevent war and preserve that peace.

Burnham

Nearly everything published on these matters in NATIONAL REVIEW expresses the hard tendency; most that is published in the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *Reporter* and *Commonweal*, expresses the soft. Most, though not all, writers featured in the mass press, especially when they are also big-time names, are Softs: Adlai Stevenson, Paul Hoffman, Chester Bowles, Norman Cousins, Robert Oppenheimer, Field Marshal Montgomery, that sort of thing. Under both Democrats and Republicans, most of the policy-determining seats of government have been occupied by Softs. There have been Hards here and there—in the Atomic Energy Commission, the Pentagon, CIA, and scattered outposts at all echelons—but not enough, or well enough placed, to affect basic policy.

Colonel John C. Neff and Walter F. Hahn, executive editor of *Orbis*, in a project undertaken for the Institute of American Strategy by the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania, have now made it possible to get in conveniently packaged form a sampling of the thought of the hard tendency. At $1.45, *American Strategy for the Nuclear Age* (Doubleday-Anchor Books) gives you a lot for your money.

Taken as a whole, this collection falls within the hard tendency. I do not mean that every one of the contributors is a Hard. It is ludicrous, in this company, to find an essay by W. W. Rostow—not only a Soft but an active Softener—summarizing his neo-Marxian theory of "stage of growth." It is disappointing to find as lead-off a woolly piece of the Council on Foreign Relations, which has done so much over the years to keep official government policy and predominant public opinion soft and spineless. A few of the essays—those by J. Edgar Hoover and Robert L. Garner, for example—are in that banal, unspecific ghost-writers' sort of prose. But these are perhaps pinches of ritual incense thrown in to keep a savvy publisher happy. The general line remains reasonably hard. That is something to be encouraged about, because this book is going to be read by tens of thousands of citizens whose usual strategic diet is the soft pap of the *New York Times* magazine, *Harper's*, and *Saturday Review*.

Casting a Cold Eye

With the platitudes of the Council on Foreign Relations out of the way, the basic estimate is given by Robert Strausz-Hupé in Essays 2 and 4: "The Protracted Conflict" and "The Diminishing Freedom of Choice." There is an admirable summary of "The Ideological Core of Communism" by Gerhart Niemeyer, and excellent studies of the integrated complexity of Communist strategy by William R. Kintner, Stefan T. Possony, Anne M. Jonas and others.

The hardness of political premise and outlook is supplemented in Part Four by an analytic hardness in dealing with major issues of military strategy. Richard B. Foster, Ellis Johnson, Albert Wohlstetter, Herman Kahn, John F. Loosbrock, Commander Ralph E. Williams and the others explain some of the technical facts about nuclear and limited warfare, and examine such concepts as "deterrence," "balance of terror," "preventive attack," "disarmament," "lead-time," "the cost factor," "disengagement," etc. These turn out to have intricacies in both logic and practice that entail painful consequences for the making of policy. The section on economic problems is less thorough and less convincing, though cogent points are made by General Arthur G. Trudeau, and Dean Arnold Wolfers. The collection ends with sets of proposals, by David Sarnoff and Frank Barnett, for mounting a political offensive against the enemy.

From Soft to Hard?

Are there conclusions to be drawn? There are indeed. "The United States is losing control over its foreign and security policy. . . . [Unless the U.S. changes its policy, its] position will continue to worsen. . . . The recapture by the U.S. of the diplomatic and psychopolitical initiative in the contest with the Communist bloc depends . . . [on alternatives of which none is] now in public sight."

We are *losing*, that is to say. We shall continue to lose until a *total* change is made in the determination of our foreign policy and military strategy: until the prevailing *soft* tendency is replaced by the *hard* tendency. It is not a question of training and intelligence. Granted the soft premise, intelligence and training only compound the sabotage of the nation's security. It is not a question of the appointment of an ideal Secretary of State and a sprinkling of correctly-oriented officials. Nothing less than what the Russians used to call a "purge" will serve: a purge of the Softs from the points of leverage. One fact that this book indirectly demonstrates is that such a purge is quite feasible, if there should be the will to carry it out. Today there are enough trained adherents of the hard tendency—there would not have been a decade ago—to take over from the Softs. Anything less than that will be mere window-dressing.

Analyst

JOHN DOS PASSOS

They were our guests for dinner in our small diningroom
on a quiet street in an obscure suburb of the somewhat
obsolete city where we lived. We had roast beef and
baked potatoes and bourbon whiskey in wide glasses.
We talked of the old days. It was a pleasant meal.
Our friends brought one of their sons with them, a
darkeyed young man with untidy hair and an irregular
face who sat sprawled in his chair eating and drinking
without saying a word until all at once his voice tears
the sociable smiling prandial mood apart,
like the screech of chalk on a blackboard.
"You gave me a hard time"
His eyes stare black with hate in his mother's face.
"Yes you"
His voice is a whip lashing in his mother's face.
"But when?"
"Before I was born. The birth trauma was bad enough
but the damage was done before. Too busy with causes,
Dad's dogooding, my sisters and brothers. You never
understood me. And now
here I lie tracing resentment back to the womb
on the analyst's couch."

(And they thought he was there to go to college)

In twenty thousand doctors' offices, in great cities,
in small towns, in complacent exurbia,
the thaumaturge,
seated out of sight at the head of the couch,
prods the prone patient endlessly to associate
words with words,
by an occasional ejaculation or a grunt or a cough
or a query, directs the selfprobe of neuroses, hysterias,
compulsions, anxieties, repressions, inversions, resent-
ments;
deep
into the quivering primordial protoplasmic unconscious;
peels the skins off the onion,
dream by dream, fantasy by fantasy, recollection by
recollection,
tracing resentment back to the womb,
on the analyst's couch.

Man the misunderstood,
incestuous, polymorphously perverse, narcist, maso-
chist, sadist, exhibitionist, homosexual,
has descended into neurosis,
but through free association at twentyfive dollars an
hour may seek redemption by total recall of that first
prime talismanic wish—*In the beginning was the Word*—
that he may rise again
into the paradise of scientific psychoanalysis
where Ego sits at the right hand of Superego in the
sublimation of the Id,
and transference is complete.

Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality . . . The Interpretation of Dreams . . . The Psychopathology of Every Day Life . . . Civilization and its Discontents . . . Beyond the Pleasure Principle . . .

Amid the scientific ruminations of the late nine-
teenth century, Dr. Sigmund Freud, a talented Viennese
neurologist, who was an avid reader of folklore and
drama,
discovered that to treat neurasthenics
he had to listen very carefully to their fantasies, and
their dreams and their anxious misstatements and their
slips of the tongue and their grammatical errors. Among
the disturbed nothing was what it seemed on the sur-
face. "Neurasthenic anxiety," Freud declared, "is trans-
muted sexual libido."
The psyche was sex.

Out of Sophocles and Shakespeare and Goethe and
Frazer and Darwin,
and out of the ramblings of sexstarved intellectuals
who thronged to his office—the strong enjoy their sex,
the weak talk about it—out of the free association of
words jostling each other in the mouths of the frus-
trated, the prurient, the unfit, the ill-adjusted, the lame,
the halt, unsatisfied rich matrons with too much time on
their hands,
Freud, who like so many men of intellect of Jewish
upbringing felt the horns of Moses on his brow—
Joseph interpreting dreams for the Egyptians—
believed he'd had revealed to him
Man's psychic origin in the form of a myth.

Probably at the base was Darwin's hypothesis:

"If we therefore look back far enough into the stream of time . . . the most probable view is that he originally lived in communities, each with a single wife, or if powerful with several, whom he jealously defended against all other men. Or he may have been a social animal and yet have lived with several wives like the gorilla, for all the natives agree that only the adult male is seen in a band, when the young male grows up a contest is held for mastery, and the strongest killing and driving out the others, establishes himself as head of the community";

so Oedipus,
as the old Hellenic playwrights put it,
killed the old man and had his mother in his
father's bed; hence the curse,
the complex that only total recall can cure.

As the fetus recapitulates the mammalian rise (from
mud-puppy to president) so every man in infancy re-
enacts the primordial crime, in fancy slays the old man,
rapes the matriarch, and lords it over the apish horde.
"Happiness is the deferred fulfillment of a prehistoric
wish."

Sigmund Freud was a poet;
(poets are the makers of myth;)
but Dr X and Dr Y

who have draped themselves in Freud's cast off prophecies
are practitioners.

Dr X sports a beard, perhaps to emphasis some slight fancied resemblance to the Master. His speech has an Oxford lisp picked up while he was being psychoanalyzed in London. A bust of Plato faces the inevitable portrait of Dr Freud in the outer office.

Within Tanagra figurines and etchings of the great cathedrals and tiers of books in tooled bindings emit a faint scent of morocco leather reminiscent of the storied past. His patients imagine themselves in Vienna.

Dr X, whose own lovelife has been fretful and somewhat intermittent,
has a sharp nose for incompatibility between husband and wife,
so that he is in great demand among the divorcing set. He'll root the father image out of his female patients' dreams if it takes him five years of daily sessions to do it:
—except for vacations. Dr X is a great vacationer—he's fond of talking about verve and zest;
and with time and talk enough he'll find that naughty housemaid little Johnny transferred to from Mama at the age of three and thence will deduce the wellsprings of incompatibility between Mr and Mrs
that gives them a thin time in bed.

They had better find transferences afresh. Dr X sets up the specifications and sends them forth, insatiably cured,
to winnow the cocktail parties for new mates.

Dr Y gives his patients a racier ride. He's a small man, light on his feet, his red face glows with health. He has a guttural way of pronouncing the word Eros that stirs his women patients to their depths. His English has a touch of the Danube (indeed his detractors claim that instead of medical school his preparation was as a masseur in a Turkish bath in Bucharest; be that as it may the parchment diplomas of European universities line the walls of his waiting room.)

In his inner sanctum he sits at a birchwood desk gleefully writing with a scratchy pen. The light is diffused. The walls are pearly white. The couch is upholstered in oystercolored corduroy. As he lies on his back the patient can discern the red white and black kidney-shapes of a mobile stirring in an unfelt breeze.

Dr Y takes the patient's whole life for his province;
prescribes pictures or mountainclimbing or the production of a novel.

For the very rich he'll recommend starting a newspaper or backing a musical or subsidizing a season of concerts,
along with a new wife
to overcome that tired feeling
and the desire to jump from tall buildings.

Eros, erotic, erogenous zones: Dr Y's patients find their subconscious an Ali Baba's cave full of an oriental profusion of erogenous whimsies only to be sublimated
at considerable expense.
by art
or a beautiful redhead.

Dr Y's own libido, stimulated perhaps by years of groping amid the labyrinthian symbolism of the neurotic dream,
has shown remarkable manifestations:
a respectable colored maid,
married and the mother of four,
complains that he presented himself, stark naked, and wearing a purple silk turban on his head, and started making passes at her (hypnotic and in the interests of science he explained)
while she was trying to clean his room at a summer hotel;
and two young girls, one the daughter of an eminent friend, had to run like turkeys when he pounced on them on an excursion boat,
to escape
having their little fannies pinched black and blue.

. . . Of course there's more to the story. Explorers stake their lives to skindive in the foul deep pools of madness; there was Dr L
who, sick of the routine heartbreak of his work as a prison psychologist, snatched at salvation by Freud. Through pentothal interviews and the hypnotic trance he groped his way amid thickets of misery and hate
to find the key to crackup in the primordial crime. One likely lad
with a fresh complexion and gentle blue eyes
imprisoned for a pecadillo involving murder and rape
nearly did him in. Just at the moment when they reached
after many suggestive hours of treatment
the mother's wedding ring
which symbolized the frustration of incestuous desire that had caused it all,
shrieking Kill Kill Kill the gentle lad leapt on the therapist and would have throttled him to death if guards hadn't stumbled into the office in the nick of time. Dr L died young.
(They tell us inhibition breeds neurosis: the insane lack inhibition to a startling degree)

By crying up inhibition as the ultimate ill Freud disposed of thou shalt not. God
is a father image to be talked out of the system. The Marxists at least
made transcendent their anti-God principle;
for Paraclete read Dialectic; Man worships History, Thesis, Antithesis, Synthesis
form another new Trinity: by scrupulous adherence to the Party Line a man may be assured of salvation
by dialectical materialism;
these are the brainwashers: the twin myths of Marx and Freud, opposed yet interlocking, as victory interlocks with defeat, soared out of the scientific ruminations of the late nineteenth century
to hover like scavenger birds
over the disintegration of the Western will.

We tried to question our friends' son about his analysis. All he would say was his parents drove him to it.
Blessed be the weak for they have inherited the earth.

Letter from the Continent

Why Germany Talks to Russia

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Khrushchev's suddenly friendly manner toward the West German ambassador to Moscow and certain utterances of Chancellor Adenauer pose the question, Is Germany really unwilling and unable to come to a genuine "understanding" with the Soviet Union?

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Obviously, the Soviets are in a position to render certain services to Germany which the Western Powers cannot, to wit: to restore to Germany the eastern provinces now attached to Poland, to end the Berlin crisis and to permit reunification.

For these reasons the Germans, whatever their government, will always have to listen to the Russians. Of course, reunification and, probably, an adjustment of the German-Polish border, can be achieved any time—at the price of a Communist government or a government totally subservient to the Kremlin.

What is the psychological relationship between Russians and Germans? A number of elements—attraction and revulsion, admiration and contempt—come into play.

To Russia's simple people, to the man in the street, the German is exacting, lacks imagination, is a terrible prig, a materialist to whom money and technology alone matter. The old Russian peasant heartily disliked the German, whom he usually knew in the role of the honest, but punctilious, unbending and heartless administrator on large estates (where he had been hired for precisely these qualities) and sometimes as a civil servant.

In the higher and more intellectual social layers, the respect for the Germans—mingled with admiration but almost never with affection — was more of a military and scientific nature. The Germans' cleanliness, their gift for organization, their systematic intellectuality, their discipline, their dedication to hard work, and their probity impressed the Russians in the past and continue to do so.

The German masses may feel a real horror of the Russians, a horror mixed with fear, but there also exists a certain Russo-German affinity and inner sympathy. Russia's part-Asiatic character (which one should beware of overrating, but which frightens the German man in the street) exercises a magnetic attraction on the German *intelligentsia*. The notion of a permanent alliance with Russia dominated the Prussian mind for a long time and hardened into a tradition. Prussian Protestants saw in Orthodox Russia the trusted ally against Catholic Poland and France. Russian authors in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were nowhere more avidly read than in Germany. This should not be surprising since, in its structure and archaic character, the German language has much more affinity with Russian than do the Latin languages or even English.

Pro-Soviet Trends

These historic and psychological factors could easily be mobilized to play a part in actual politics. There always will be groups in Germany willing to make some sort of deal with the Russians. Using totally false, but generally popular semantics, one could say that these elements are to be found on the extreme left and on the extreme right, thus pointing to the Communists and their fellow travelers as well as to the nationalist die-hards, who include the unreconstructed Nazis.

It is precisely this circumstance which prompts the Soviets to take German nationalism carefully into consideration. It is also the reason why the official Communist language regulations, which strictly control semantics, forbid the use of the terms "Nazism" and "national socialism." Only the term "German fascism" is permitted. This was not only the policy of the Viennese Soviet Control Commission during the occupation but also, *risum teneatis amici*, of the New York Public Library. ("National Socialism vide Fascism, German" reads the direction on the card in the catalogue, which proves that Moscow's arm is longer than we think.)

There is also a minority trend in the Evangelical Church of Germany which casts longing eyes eastwards. This group, ably led by Pastor Niemöller, uses the formula "Rather Moscow than Rome," another version of the sixteenth-century's "Rather the Turk than the Pope." Yet it must be recorded in all fairness that this eastward trend with its distinct theological implications finds no great response among the rank and file of the Evangelical believers, and it has been severely castigated by such true Liberals as Bishop Dibelius and conservatives such as Prebendary Hans Asmussen.

A man of Dr. Adenauer's caliber, a Rhinelander and a Westerner in every sense of the term, would hardly fall for the Russian line. On the other hand, political considerations are such that he may well be forced into direct personal contacts with the Soviet leadership. He simply could not afford not to—any more than parents can be excused from making contact with the kidnapper of their child. They have to listen to him. It would be a different matter if the Russians were to offer the Germans reunification in freedom. Such a move is conceivable only in the event that they are *forced* to enlist German aid which—as those who know the Russian mentality realize—they value more highly than any other. Such an eventuality, however, would only come about if the men in the Kremlin were to see themselves mortally menaced from other quarters—from China, for instance.

Thus, one can say that a genuine Russian peace offer to West Germany would indicate a turning point in postwar history. An alternative explanation of such a move would be a close and unauthorized alliance between Pankow and Peking. Still, in spite of certain straws in the wind, none of these possibilities has, so far, materialized.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

How Goes the Discussion-Process at Wisconsin?

I have friends in the East who take it for granted that an American college campus is conservative in ratio to its distance west from Harvard, and east from "whatever-college-it-is that Oppenheimer and all those people taught at in California." If that were so, a parent seeking refuge for his son might with a pair of dividers and a map of the United States describe a relatively "safe" area. But in fact plumb in the center of the country are some doughty centers of Liberal ritualism, some of which Mr. Russell Kirk has been so unkind as to notice in his column over the years. He has not spoken of the University of Wisconsin.

Buckley

There a student recently wrote to the student newspaper (*The Daily Cardinal*) to say that "The thinking segment of the American community has always, and rightly, considered conservatism a joke among American creeds. It is, of course, a biological sport which our tolerant society kindly bottle-feeds from time to time." I do not know what a biological sport is (perhaps only members of the thinking community know), but let *that* go. One wonders what it is that nettles the student, one R. E. Fauber, and it turns out to be the current issue of a monthly student publication, *Insight and Outlook*, organized to stimulate conservative thought on campus. And what bothers him particularly is the magazine's executive editor, Mr. Richard S. Wheeler. Wheeler, who is also a columnist in the student newspaper, loves, let it be admitted, to scarify, and does so with great skill, though it is true he does not know that in polemics as in warfare, to overkill is supererogatory.

Wheeler is a phenomenon. He has deeply disturbed the composure of the Wisconsin campus. In his early days as a highly popular student columnist, he challenged many of the little idolatries that accumulate on any campus. But before long a thread was discernible: Wheeler was rejecting the household gods of Liberalism. This year he joined the thriving Wisconsin Conservative Club, and he and his colleagues (though scarcely numerous) are everywhere, to the visible distress of the predominating ideologists.

The Faubers are upset, to the point of disqualifying from membership in the American thinking community such men as Adams and Calhoun, Brownson and Babbitt, Weaver and Kirk—Mr. Fauber and others like him do not know how to make arguments, only faces.

But is Mr. Fauber, whose views reflect so truly the bias of many American professors, an unusual case? In the same issue of the *Cardinal* another defender of the Liberal conformity at the University of Wisconsin rises up to answer the challenge of a conservative dissenter. Evaluate along with me a single paragraph from the review in the *Daily Cardinal* of the current issue of *Insight and Outlook*, which levels a most serious charge against the University, to wit, the concerted suppression of a whole series of points of view, commonly thought of as conservative.

Wrote the editor of the conservative journal: ". . . The free inquiry of which Wisconsin boasts is now hardly more than the 'freedom' to ride the liberal bark as it sways and rocks with the ebb and flow of the current poobah. The effect of a one-party faculty upon Wisconsin is a marked degeneracy of thought. Theses go unchallenged; hypotheses lie unquestioned; fads ebb and flow. No one is available to needle, to question, or to fight. . . . Students are not taught; they are indoctrinated with habits of thought without having a chance to challenge them. Ideas remain unrefined and unimproved for lack of any criticism. The University of Wisconsin's mental stagnation and paralysis carries it further and further from the golden age of its history."

To which the newspaper's reviewer commented:

"This statement is logically shaky, as most of the professors teach courses where their views never appear, and can never be known." A breath-catching evasion—obviously the charge has only to do with those courses in which the views of the professors *are* relevant. *"I also would like to know what sort of views the editor considers moderate, and what conservative. Knowing the editor, I am sure that we would get into a real brawl over this."* In other words, knowing the editor, he *does* know what differences they have in terminology, differences marked enough to ensure a brawl, which is all very interesting and exciting, though it leaves one wondering: why cannot the reviewer bring himself to talk to the point? *"I doubt if most people take the views of the professors as pure Holy Writ. If they do, this campus is in worse condition than anybody realizes."* Surely the most irrelevant rhetorical vacuity of the week. Indeed the campus *is* worse off than anybody realizes, if the passage here quoted pretends to pass for thought, and is accepted as that. A young man going to school to learn how to think, has not earned a dispensation to reason, or write, like Mrs. Roosevelt. Nobody *said* the views of professors are accepted lock, stock and barrel by their students. But nobody will say—I trust—that the views of one's professors are insignificant, or irrelevant to the intellectual, political, and moral development of a student.

Yet here is the entire treatment given over to the serious charge, levelled by a serious-minded group of students, that at Wisconsin, academic freedom is abused by a tacit discrimination against conservatives by the faculty and administration. If this is their spokesman, then the University of Wisconsin's position is, *Nolo contendere.*

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Downriver Community College

In many states, the "community college" movement is going full blast, without much regard for prudence or real need. Community colleges are publicly-supported junior colleges, usually aided by subsidies from the state treasury. What their precise end or purpose is, few people know—except that they are Educational, and that Education is a good thing.

Kirk

Nearly two decades ago, Mr. Robert Hutchins advocated an expansion of junior colleges, to prevent the overcrowding of established colleges and universities, and to drain off from serious institutions of learning the crowd of young people vaguely desirous of training beyond high school, yet not sufficiently talented to profit from regular college years. This increase of community colleges has taken place, but not with the result Dr. Hutchins desired. State university campuses, and many private universities, have been swamped with young people interested chiefly in the college funfair. But at the same time the new community colleges have mushroomed almost aimlessly. Immense sums are being spent with no proportionate dividend in learning.

Under an act passed by the Michigan legislature several years ago, Michigan towns are authorized to establish community colleges and receive state subsidies, now about $190 per student. (Most of the cost falls upon the local community.) One such undertaking, Northwestern Michigan College at Traverse City, is a serious and useful liberal arts college. But the average "community college" is an amorphous blend of "thirteenth and fourteenth grades"—a mere prolongation of high school.

The Michigan superintendent of public instruction has become somewhat alarmed at the proliferation of community colleges, and has issued a warning that towns ought to be sure of their need and their tax-base before rushing into such projects. Local vanity can saddle a community with an expensive pseudo-college which few competent students desire to attend, and which merely diverts funds from genuine education. One municipal junior college in Michigan—that at Owosso—closed its doors two years ago for lack of students.

This month the citizens of the towns down the Detroit River from Detroit —Trenton, Wyandotte, Flat Rock and smaller communities—are to vote on whether they ought to found a common Downriver Community College. I spoke recently at a meeting held by the Trenton League of Women Voters on the general subject; and I was not heartened by what I heard.

For the people who spoke in favor of the project were high school administrators, for the most part, abetted by some candidates for posts as trustees of the prospective college and by some well-intentioned but vague citizens who argued that since Education is a Good Thing, a local public college would be wonderful. The high school educationists, I suspect, dearly would love to be appointed deans in the new college, at considerable increase of their emoluments. And they seemed to have in mind nothing better than a woolly extension of high school, with various boondoggles in the way of basket-weaving and dancing thrown in to please one element of the citizenry.

Lest anyone be alarmed at the prospect of Downriver's becoming a *genuine* college, with genuine standards, these administrators hastened to assure the voters that they don't want a college to "train an elite." No, siree: they professed themselves eager to offer whatever fun and games any element of the public seems to desire —vocational training, recreational skills, what have you. Two of them quoted with adulation from a recent speech by John Hannah, president of Michigan State University, in which he came out foursquare against the theory that colleges ought to improve the better minds among the rising generation. (Mr. Hannah doesn't want any natural aristocracy of intellect to develop; for if it did, where would he be?)

When the high school administrators, who are the prime movers behind the Downriver Community College project, avow even at this stage of the game that they have no respect for genuine academic standards, what sort of educationist boondoggle would they produce if they were given money and authority by the Downriver voters? It is highly improbable that able students would be attracted to a junior college dominated by such gentry; or that graduates of this college would be adequately prepared for entrance to any senior college.

Aside from the usual domination by high school administrators (many of whom are not scholars of any description, but merely coaches and shop instructors elevated to administrative positions), Michigan's community colleges also suffer from difficulty in recruiting a competent faculty. A principal reason for this is that under the regulations of the Michigan Board of Education, all teachers in community colleges are supposed to present fifteen credit hours in Education, as if they were high school teachers. This means that the better Ph.D's and M.A.'s who are looking for college posts will shun the community colleges and seek employment at regular colleges, which ask only that an instructor be properly prepared in his own field.

Far better than such an anti-intellectual and ill-conceived community college scheme as is being presented to the Downriver citizenry, if a college is needed at all in this area, would be a branch of the University of Michigan or Wayne State University, established and reputable institutions. If they have any regard for the works of the mind and for proper use of public funds, the Trenton and Wyandotte and Flat Rock voters will not saddle themselves with perpetual expenditure for a pseudo-college.

Malthus Rides Again

M. STANTON EVANS

A century and a half ago a despondent parson named Thomas Malthus brought out a book entitled *Essay on the Principle of Population*. In it he argued that the earth was advancing toward disaster. Its human population, he said, was expanding in geometrical proportion, while the available food supply increased only in arithmetical proportion. Eventually the population would outstrip the means of subsistence, and tragedy would ensue.

If this analysis had been correct, the world would have become progressively more impoverished from that time forward, and those of us who had managed to get born at all should by now be perishing from malnutrition. The trend, of course, has been all the other way. There are few people on this side of the Iron Curtain who are not to some extent better off, in material things, than were their ancestors; and Malthus' own society, the West, is incomparably better fed, housed and clothed than were the men of 1800.

What Malthus left out of his equation was the impact of technology. Increased use of tools and scientific principle has enabled men to produce more goods with less effort, and has allowed production to move far ahead of the growth of population. The so-called population problem is in fact a problem of organizing men and resources to gain productive ends with maximum efficiency.

Experience shows that the market economy alone can provide the necessary organization. It fills demand according to rational priorities, allows capital accumulation for needed expansion, and liberates the creative potencies of innovation. Where the market economy has been allowed to work, material progress has resulted, and the population problem, as Malthus conceived it, has disappeared.

Excitement about population increase is thus a function of ignorance about economics. As economic science improved, fears about population pressure subsided. As economic understanding has of late declined, the Malthusian specter has risen from the grave and once more stalks among us.

THE vital connection between economic innocence and fear of population growth is illustrated by William Vogt's PEOPLE! (William Sloane, $4.50), an impressionistic tract urging the virtues of massive birth control. Mr. Vogt, a veteran agitator in this field, has traveled much in the world, and apparently has been so affected by looking at large groups of humanity that his mind has been well-nigh cleansed of all other thought. He attributes everything that is wrong anywhere on earth—ranging from too much poverty to too much affluence—to increases in population. He offers "planned parenthood" as the means of salvation.

Because Vogt affirms rather than argues, and moves rather haphazardly among these affirmations, there is little in this book with which the mind can grapple. If we may impose intellectual form on his thesis, however, it would look something like this:

The growth of population has two bad effects, one quantitative or material, the other qualitative or moral. The material effect is that increasing population strains the means of subsistence and so brings mass poverty and starvation. Vogt's outstanding example, naturally, is India. He exhorts us to mount a massive foreign aid program to help the Nehru government overcome the effects of a galloping birth rate. As a target figure, he suggests $13 billion—the amount that has to date gone into the European recovery program.

Nowhere does Vogt examine the economics of the regime the $13 billion would go to support, and nowhere does he seek out the underlying causes of Indian poverty. To understand this omission is to understand the central error of the whole population-bomb argument. For India is a striking illustration of the fact that the problem of "exploding" populations is in truth a problem of non-exploding productivity.

In 1900 India had a population roughly the size of the present population of the United States, in about half our present land area. If number of people per square mile were the determining factor, then India sixty years ago should have been at least half as rich as modern America, which it of course was not.

India's difficulty is of another order. It has neither a cultural heritage nor an economic system which will permit the generation of material abundance. With such a heritage and such a system it could support all its people, and then some. Without them there will be poverty no matter what the size of the population.

VOGT'S second complaint against population growth is that it lowers the quality of life in America and other civilized nations, and damages the moral fiber of the citizenry. He scores the sacrifice of rural virtue to industrialization and a burgeoning Gross National Product. "Does a case of Coca Cola," he asks with indignation, "compensate for a patch of May apples?" He says America is losing its life-giving contact with nature and becoming disgustingly commercialized. People jam beaches, automobiles jam highways, gadgets jam houses.

If this second criticism of population growth is legitimate, we should note that it is in direct contradiction

to the first. For the very plentitude of material things, whatever else we may think of it, belies the charge that an increase in population, as such, diminishes the economic standard of living. The first charge and the second cannot be simultaneously valid.

As it develops, however, the second criticism is invalid purely on its own merits. It is after all still possible in America to live the life of a Thoreau, admiring May apples and drinking from a forest spring, away from telephones, TV sets, and other paraphernalia of modern life. A half-hour's drive from where I sit writing this, just such repose is attainable. Indeed, one could if he desired in a matter of hours sequester himself in some jungle fastness—traveling there by the refined methods created by technological advance, paying for the trip with the surplus abundance acquired through our system of productive exchange.

The point is that those who pine for bucolic serenity could achieve it easily enough—*if they wanted to give up the conveniences of modern life.* The material work of civilization depends for the most part on the work of aggregates of people. If we want to partake of certain advantages of that work, or contribute to it, we shall more likely than not end up in or near a middling-to-large city where the most conveniences exist in the most concentrated form. And those cities are crowded. The population-bomb publicists simply want it both ways: they demand material progress (when they discuss the "underdeveloped" countries), but want none of the inconveniences attendant upon it (when they discuss the U.S.).

One other comment is required, above and beyond the realm of material things. In discussing religious objections to his favored methods of cutting down on population growth, Mr. Vogt displays small patience with arguments founded in ethical conviction. In the unfolding of the Christian revelation, he says, "beliefs were developed that were sound for their time but have no relevance to the twentieth century." Those beliefs he views as a "great burden of superstitions."

Yet Mr. Vogt can become concerned about the moral decline of the nation as it labors under the impact of mass-audience commercialism. I admit to some surprise that a man can dismiss the ethical heritage of Christianity as superstition, yet become gravely concerned about the moral aspect of fintailed automobiles. Those whose religion proscribes some form of birth control are morally bound with a force greater than that which reacts against television commercials.

If one has received the moral precepts of the West, he will not be corrupted by General Motors or BBD&O. If he is particularly resolute in his convictions, he will not even be corrupted by Mr. Vogt.

The Causes of Inflation

COLIN CLARK

THE REVIEWER has been familiar with Mr. Henry Hazlitt's writings over many years, but particularly remembers some of his articles in the years just after the war, when wartime price controls were being terminated, but loud voices were clamoring for their return. In terse and forceful paragraphs Mr. Hazlitt pointed out the extreme practical difficulties of carrying out anything like general price control; and also that, insofar as it was carried out, the results were likely to be harmful, discouraging production rather than checking price increases.

Mr. Hazlitt's writings on such subjects over a period of years, which originally appeared as short columns in *Newsweek*, are assembled in his new book, WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INFLATION (Van Nostrand, $3.50). The warnings about price control have to be repeated. Few if any

qualified academic economists will specifically support price control (apart from a not very convincing essay written by Professor Galbraith in 1946, when he was a Price Controller in Washington). Too many of them, however, are willing to support political programs which advance price control as a solution for our present problems.

Another chapter, which could have been even more strongly expressed, deals with the meanness and lack of any sense of justice on the part of politicians and officials who promote or connive at constantly rising prices —unless we can free them from moral censure on the grounds of invincible ignorance. But they probably would not thank us for that either.

While these two basic issues are very well dealt with, the rest of the book, analyzing causes and proposing remedies, is not so successful. Mr. Hazlitt's *Newsweek* columns have done great service to the cause of truth; but assembled in a book they appear repetitive and not entirely convincing.

Mr. Hazlitt seeks carefully to define the word "inflation"; but the great majority of readers, seeing the word in the title of the book, will interpret it according to its present colloquial use as meaning a rise in prices—a grave logical error, which confuses the consequence with the supposed cause. The cause of rising prices, Mr. Hazlitt states without qualification, is an excessive supply of money. He allows no place for the conclusion reached by the present reviewer (admittedly few other economists agree with me) that the basic cause is to be found in excessive taxation, and that the supply of money only plays a secondary role. Mr. Hazlitt has no doubt that the rise in prices can be stopped by preventing any further increase in the supply of money.

Mr. Hazlitt seeks to put gold coins back into circulation, and to give a much higher gold coverage to paper money than it has at present. Responsible bankers, however, are aware that the United States may have some difficulty in maintaining the present gold ratio. After all, ever since the 1930s an abnormally large proportion of the whole world's supply of gold has been deposited in the

United States, largely for political reasons; and if, as we all hope, political stability and economic improvement prevail throughout the free world during the coming decade, it is only to be expected that a substantial proportion of this gold will be taken back to other countries. Mr. Hazlitt is aware of these difficulties. The dollar price of gold, he says, will have to be raised, so that a smaller stock of gold will suffice to cover the currency. The new price of gold, however, is not to be decided by the President or Congress. With the United States obligation to sell gold at the present price suspended, gold will be traded in the markets of the world for what it will fetch for a year or two, until enough evidence is available on which to fix a new price, which will then be rigidly adhered to.

While this scheme might be considered sensible on purely economic grounds, there are the gravest political objections to it. It would strike an irreparable blow at United States prestige—which matters a great deal in world politics. It is true that this is more or less what Roosevelt did in 1933, but the United States then was still a comparatively isolated country, not the pivot of a series of badly organized but nevertheless urgently necessary alliances against Communist aggression, as it is now.

While some basic propositions of economics have been known for a long time, and Mr. Hazlitt states them very well, there are other branches of the subject on which it is unwise to assume that all that we require to know was already known thirty years ago; particularly on the causes of rising prices, and of depressions. For example, it is not true to say, as Mr. Hazlitt has said (and as did the former Secretary of the Treasury) that every price rise must end in a slump. (One could well wish that it were true; it might knock some sense into Latin American heads.)

FINALLY, however, it is a pleasure to be able to record an extremely good and original chapter (Chapter 22) which exposes, in trenchant commonsense language, the fallacies underlying the idea of "selective credit control." Washington may think that it is more desirable for citizens to buy houses than to buy cars or furniture to put in them, and therefore take steps to ensure that credit for buying a house shall be far easier to obtain than any other form of credit. Even if this is a sensible proposal politically, which may be questioned, it is bad economics. Much of the housing credits arranged by the federal government have the effect of liberating the borrowers' other assets, so that they can go and buy cars just the same. If it is necessary to restrict credit, it is necessary to restrict it all around, without exceptions.

'He Kept Us Out of War'

F. D. COHALAN

THERE IS nothing in American political history to match the growth and collapse of the reputation of Woodrow Wilson. Twice elected President by a minority of the votes cast, he enjoyed a three-year apotheosis that ended in 1920 with an emphatic repudiation by the voters, and fell into an obscurity from which not even the devoted labors of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation can rescue him.

Nonetheless, he made an indelible mark on the world and the country and his Administration will always be of major interest to students of American history. They will be grateful to Arthur S. Link in the third volume of his massive biography, WILSON: THE STRUGGLE FOR NEUTRALITY, 1914-1915 (Princeton, $10.00), for giving them this extensively documented account of an important period in which attitudes were formed and decisions taken that were to help greatly in getting us into the war. It is written by an ardent admirer of Wilson who is also the editor of his Papers, and—as is fitting—a professor at Princeton.

The Second World War is so recent and was so much worse than the First that it is difficult not to view the First as just a dress rehearsal for the Second, as the survivors of the Third will be tempted to see the Second. We are so accustomed to being involved automatically in every political problem outside the Soviet bloc that it is hard to remember when America was free to choose her own path, and when countries dependent upon us for survival asked for help instead of demanding it under the threat of joining the enemy. Moreover, the domestic architects of our misfortunes, and their heirs, keep telling us how lucky we are, and that, in any case, what has happened was inevitable so we might as well adjust ourselves to it.

Hardly anyone denies that when war broke out in 1914 the great majority of Americans were anxious to keep the country out of it and were sympathetic to the Allies. The general opinion was that eventually the Allies would wear the Germans down. Very few believed or said America's vital interests required intervention, and most of the pro-Allies camp opposed intervention as ardently as the pro-German camp did. Professor Link lists as hostile to the Allies the Germans, the Swedes, the Irish who resented "alleged" oppression in their homeland, the Jews (who, however, hardly numbered three or four millions in 1914), and the Catholic Church. The German Jews were not hostile to the Kaiser, and the American Jews feared victory by the Czar. The Catholics were sympathetic to Austria, and were suspicious of the English, the anticlerical French, and the Czar as champions of Christian civilization against the Central Powers.

Since all but a handful were for peace, and Wilson himself wanted peace, how did we get into war without being attacked? Wilson had no Pearl Harbor to help him. It is customary to blame it all on the unfailing diplomatic ineptitude of the Germans, which certainly played its

part. More important was the skillful use the Anglophiles in the Administration made of the openings supplied by the Germans and the way in which they handled Wilson himself.

The *Lusitania* incident is revealing in many ways. Even at the height of the hysteria over the sinking, most speakers warned against war. It is interesting that the day it sank and before the news came, House had discussed with George V and Grey the possible effects of such an event on American public opinion, and the stimulus it might give the interventionists here. Incidentally, it didn't sink in the Irish Sea, as Professor Link seems to suggest.

The pressure on the President was very great, and in the period covered by this book it grew steadily until he began to change from strict neutrality to a benevolent neutrality that favored the Allies. Professor Link stresses that their growing dependence on us financially gave him a handle to use in dealing with them. It also spurred the interventionists to greater effort, as otherwise the Allies could not hope to win.

The growing importance of the European war distracted attention from Wilson's Mexican policy, which developed into a first class fiasco. Professor Link mentions the Catholic opposition to it, but he doesn't give the reasons for that opposition. Nor does he explain here Wilson's strong personal interest in a problem he knew so little about, and for handling which neither his temperament nor his training prepared him.

The image of Wilson himself does not emerge clearly from this book, perhaps because his true character is elusive. Was he, as his followers would soon be saying, a great moral leader who was too good for his age, or, as his critics would say, just another gifted man whose talents were inadequate for the role he attempted to play? As this volume ends he is moving to the point where irrevocable decisions must be made and justified, and full responsibility must be accepted by him. The great drama and tragedy lie ahead.

Haphazard Countdown

STEFAN T. POSSONY

THREE recent books, especially if read together, provide considerable insight into the current security problems of the United States. James D. Atkinson's challenging work, THE EDGE OF WAR (Regnery, $6.00), combines a panorama of American strategic history with an intellectual framework for comprehension of the American conflict with Communism. Atkinson shows that, traditionally, American security policies have been bedeviled by distrust of the military profession, illusionary thinking about conflict and reluctance to take measures which could have prevented war.

The United States is vulnerable to the appeals of coexistence and disarmament; in particular, the Communists abuse "peace" as a slogan with which to conquer at minimal risk and cost. They have been "fusing" war and peace into a combined war-peace strategy which the author has dubbed "polyreconism." In Communist practice, unconventional warfare undertakings precede, backstop, and sometimes replace military force. The author argues that the Soviet capability for "polyreconic" strategy is increasing.

The United States does not have to wait passively till the enemy attacks. When the President anticipates war, he has the legal authority, even the obligation, to pre-empt, or otherwise protect the country against aggression. Indeed, the United States *has* in the past operated effectively in the "grey zone" that lies between war and peace. Through numerous "measures short of war," we maneuvered skillfully and purposively against Nazi Germany. Yet our cold war actions after 1946, although sometimes successful, were primarily reflex actions to Soviet initiatives.

Professor Atkinson proposes a strategy incorporating an ideological campaign; tax reform and measures to increase industrial productivity; controls on trade with the Soviet bloc; civil defense; the maintenance of very strong and constantly ready forces-in-being; and finally, heavy emphasis on improved organization and better utilization of unconven-

"Probably the most significant Roman Catholic statement on American democracy ever published."
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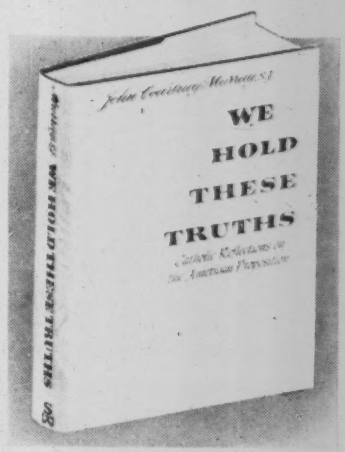

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tional operations. If we fail to oppose and constrict Communism, he warns us, we might be softened up to such an extent that by 1968, the Communists could coerce us into electing a "more broadly based government" which would surrender us to the enemy.

GEORGE C. Reinhardt and William R. Kintner in THE HAPHAZARD YEARS: HOW AMERICA HAS GONE TO WAR (Doubleday, $4.50), quote William James:

> Every up-to-date dictionary should say that peace and war mean the same thing now in *posse*, now in *actu*. . . . Intensely sharp competitive preparation for war . . . is the real war, permanent, unceasing: . . . battles are only a sort of public verification of mastery gained during the peace intervals.

Thus, not all of our thinkers were blind. However, the record of American action, as presented by the authors, shows utter disregard for the realities either of war or of peace, and incomprehension of their "fusion" in modern conflict. We refuse to learn. The "lead time" problem, for example, was first identified by Homer Lea in 1909 when it took the United States almost three times longer than Japan to build a battleship. In practicing his brand of deterrence, President Theodore Roosevelt dispatched the United States Fleet on a world cruise (1907-1909). Yet the ships could have fired only one single salvo and were dependent upon supporting vessels—every single one of them flying a foreign flag—without which they could not have operated beyond the waters washing their Atlantic bases. . . .

On the other hand, the authors also tell us about precedents which could well be imitated in 1960. For example, in 1914, the Atlantic Fleet, upon Presidential orders, "captured Vera Cruz in a pitched battle to prevent delivery of German munitions" to a Castro-like Mexican dictator. The President's name was Woodrow Wilson. The authors' conclusion is that though to date the United States has never run a real risk of decisive defeat, our fortunes no longer can be staked upon a strategy of haphazardness.

THAT WE are precisely doing this, is the message of General J. B. Medaris' COUNTDOWN FOR DECISION (Putnam, $5.00). The author, to whom the United States owes its first space satellite, discloses that an American satellite could have gone up one year before Sputnik. But Medaris was ordered to put sand into the upper stage of a test missile *to prevent* it from going into orbit.

According to General Medaris, budget parsimony, over-centralization and over-bureaucratization of the Defense Department, the incapacity of businessmen as strategists, the independence of the Air Force, the lobbying of the aircraft industry, and the civil service are the current causes of our troubles. He is particularly critical of the "splintering of the missile and space programs" and of the concept which entrusts management of our most important space programs to an independent civilian agency. As remedies, he wants, "as an absolute minimum," to recombine the Army and the Air Force into one service and to appoint a single Chief of Staff; to cut the civil service staff of the Defense Department by 90 per cent; to eliminate half of the Assistant Secretaries; to rearrange our retaliatory systems; and to provide "a capability for lightning intervention."

Many of General Medaris' comments, unfortunately, lack objectivity. Yet his proposal to step up work on anti-missile defenses should be acted upon without delay. His book is a fascinating—and sometimes discouraging—chronicle of the Army's missile program. But it also is an inadvertent disclosure of the penchant for service infighting which is just as harmful to United States security as the real and fancied shortcomings of the Defense Department.

All these authors agree that the "countdown for decision" has begun. In this countdown period America is not readying herself fast enough because of intellectual and administrative shortcomings which must be discarded if we are to survive.

A Miscellany of Sumptuous Books for Christmas Gifts

Rome for Ourselves, by Aubrey Menen (McGraw Hill, $15.00)

The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science (2 vols., boxed) by Isaac Asimov (Basic Books, $15.00, until Christmas $11.95)

Dictionary of American Slang, edited by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner (Crowell, $7.50)

The Concise Encyclopedia of Archaeology, edited by Leonard Cottrell (Hawthorn, $12.50)

Great Restaurants of America, by Ted Patrick and Silas Spitzer; illustrated by Ronald Searle (Lippincott, $10.00)

Atlas of Western Civilization, by Frederic van der Meer (Van Nostrand, $15.00)

Physics for the Inquiring Mind, by Eric M. Rogers (Princeton $8.50)

The Artist In His Studio, by Alexander Liberman (Viking, $17.50)

Times Atlas of the World, produced by John Bartholomew (Houghton Mifflin, 5-vol. set, $125.00; $25.00 each volume)

Movies

Nothing to Lose But the Price of Admission

FRANCIS RUSSELL

SPARTACUS has of course long been a Marxist hero, and with about as much justification as if Robert E. Lee were to become honorary colonel of the NAACP. Both men were fine figures, but they don't quite fit the specifications. Howard Fast, who has a knack of telling a good tale while keeping history at arm's length, used his novel as a dialectic wringer from which Spartacus emerged as the shining, if somewhat flattened, leader of the no-income brackets of the Roman world. Though Fast has disclaimed the parallel, I think what he really had in the back of his mind when he refurbished his hero was Ben Gold leading his fur-workers in the ultimate assault up the steps of J. P. Morgan & Co.

The Thracian who led the revolt of the gladiators in 73 B.C., the real Spartacus, was an able and courageous fighter for the freedom of himself and his friends. His revolt was personal. If he had been born in the nineteenth century he would no doubt have sided with Proudhon against Marx. He entertained no doctrinaire ideas about leading the masses of the Romintern. The slaves and proletariat of the cities did not join him. He formed his army as he went along from the oppressed and disaffected in the countryside, most of them Gauls and Thracian slaves. As a Roman auxiliary he had learned tactics; and this, combined with his innate quality of leadership, rather than any revolutionary *élan*, gave him his extraordinary success in chopping up the legions sent against him.

After his initial victories he planned to lead his men over the Alps to freedom, but they insisted fatally on staying on in southern Italy where the loot was richer. He was never able to achieve a unified command over his unruly subordinates. It was this, more than the army of Crassus, that destroyed him in the end. At the last battle, according to Plutarch, Spartacus tried to cut his way through to the Roman commander, but when the battle turned against him his bodyguard fled and he died fighting alone. As a warning to other slaves, 6,000 of his followers who were taken prisoner were crucified along the Appian Way. According to Fast's improved version, Spartacus was taken and crucified with the others, his dying glance falling on the meditative Crassus. The film has improved the story further, for it concludes with Spartacus on the cross being vouchsafed a final glimpse of his wife Varinia with infant in arms as she pauses in her escape north. Spartacus from his uncomfortable perch looks down in benediction, and as the baby squalls a glaze of content comes over his eyes.

THESE multi-million-dollar dioramas with their painted backdrops of Rome or Jerusalem or Egypt all have the same ringing emptiness. Color, wide screens, sounds half again as shrill as life, change neither the banal contest of bads and goods nor the old DeMille blood-sex formula. The more they cost, the longer they become, the more they turn into puppet shows.

Spartacus runs for over three hours, although "run" is scarcely an accurate term, for it's a long time between fights. Most of the film was made in Hollywood. The Roman villa sequences were shot appropriately in Hearst's old San Simeon. Some of the early scenes were filmed in Death Valley where what one first takes to be the old twenty-mule borax team turns out to be a platoon of slaves working in a gold mine. The agonized Hollywood slaves tottering up to their ultimate ounce of strength, driven beyond even that by brutal overseers, lashed into the dust by whips, haven't changed a bit from the good old silent days of Cecil DeMille's Mark I *Ten Commandments*. Somehow those indomitable extras always remind me of my old platoon in the Canadian Army that could look as if it were working harder while doing less than any platoon in our training center.

The best part of the film is in the final battle scene, made fortunately in Spain, with 8,000 soldiers from the Spanish Army to go through the maneuvers of a Roman legion. There is a splendid panorama of the cohorts spread across the plain as they advance to attack in checkerboard formation. So it must really have looked once, even if on closer inspection the legionaries in their aluminum armor turn out to be mild-appearing conscripts. According to the souvenir booklet, seven tons of armor had to be rented from a firm in Rome specializing in that sort of thing. Also it took an hour each morning for the Roman general Crassus to have his putty nose stuck on.

Crassus is played by Larry Olivier —no "Sir Laurence" formalities for him, according to the booklet, "Just call me Larry." He has the urbanity of manner and accent that we have come to consider fitting for Romans ever since our high school readings of *Julius Caesar*. And as might be expected, Charles Laughton makes an adequately convincing overstuffed senator. But it is Peter Ustinov who puts the rest of them in the shade. Little could one expect that the young playwright-private in the Army Service Corps uniform who took his London bow in 1945 as the author of *The Banbury Nose* would

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develop on the side into the most talented ham on the English stage. He is a delight to watch, and whatever his disguise from Nero to the present manager of gladiators, he always plays himself. Jean Simmons plays herself too, and more of herself than she ever has done before or possibly will again once the censors have recovered from the box-office slump. As Spartacus, the agile, if ageing, crew-cut Kirk Douglas will fool no old Ivy Leaguer who can recognize a 1940 Princeton star end, back for his twentieth reunion and a game of touch football. Tony Curtis slips naturally into the role of Bronx ballad singer.

So much for the cast, and the plot is where you find it. Fast had the gladiators plan their revolt with some care. But the film-flam starts off in the gladiators' mess hall when Spartacus sees his short-order girl friend being sent away as a Roman slave-mistress. In a cliché-reflex he seizes the trainer who is guarding him and throttles him in a cauldron of Campbell's vegetable soup—and the revolt is on! The rest follows in bloody automation—spontaneous risings of the oppressed, etc.

Dalton Trumbo managed to write the screen play, and I am glad to see him back under his own name. When it gets to the point that congressional committees are driving our authors underground so that they have to give up their Esther Williams swimming pools, rent beards and write under aliases like Fred Engels, it is time somebody struck a blow for freedom.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL LORD ISMAY (Viking, $6.75). Besides the fact that his military career was served in a staff, rather than a line, capacity, the main reason "Pug" Ismay has never basked in the limelight he certainly deserves is that he has never made any play for headlines. His memoirs are no exception. Almost an essay on modesty, they shed far more light on Churchill than on the author and the impressive role he played—as the Prime Minister's World War II Chief of Staff, head of the office of the Minister of Defense, Deputy Secretary to the War Cabinet, and later as Secretary-General of NATO. Unlike the published recollections of Alanbrooke and Montgomery, Ismay's memoirs are not likely to stir great controversy. Nonetheless, they should be welcomed as a long overdue account of the war by one who served closer to Churchill than perhaps anyone else. K. THOMPSON

CAN THESE BONES LIVE, by Edward Dahlberg. (New Directions, $4.75). This book is a series of brilliant and sinister contradictions. An avowed champion of non-violence and Oriental detachment, Dahlberg writes an orgiastic, shot-and-shell prose which makes Carlyle seem tame. Closely imitating D. H. Lawrence, he brilliantly attacks the Puritan sterility, the fear of flesh and blood, in our tradition. But in his own comments on politics and morals, he finds every aspect of modern life soiled with blood-ritual. After roundly damning Hawthorne and Whitman, he runs to the Puritan anarchists, Tolstoy and Thoreau. The Shaker-Quakers, the Dukhobors and Oneidans, whom Dahlberg praises, are just those groups which carry the Puritan ethic into modern times. Beneath the violent prose-manhandling of all his hero-enemies, Dahlberg's own contempt for himself is only thinly veiled. G. WILLS

SILHOUETTE IN DIAMONDS. *The Life of Mrs. Potter Palmer* (Harper, $5.00). The Potter Palmer castle with its turrets and battlements on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive seems infinitely more remote from us today than does, for instance, Monticello. That plutocratic Victorian-Edwardian era from about 1880 to 1914 was as unreal, as evanescent, as it was international. For Chicago, Mrs. Potter Palmer was the era, the woman who introduced Society into the Midwest. As such plumped women with their diamond dog collars went, she was better than most. Much of the success of the World's Exposition was due to her efforts—although she did have Little Egypt suppressed. She was a friend of Jane Addams, of Governor Altgeld; she introduced Impressionist art to the U.S., and wealthy Americans to Florida. If there had been a Proust in Chicago—I grant it is unimaginable — she might indeed have achieved some permanence as a heroine. And if she had really looked like her portrait by Zorn she might have endured as a person, but, alas for her, she really looked like her photographs. To read about her and her triumphs is uphill work. The photograph of the castle on Lake Shore Drive sums everything up: the era, the people in it, and why it exploded. F. RUSSELL

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To the Editor

Philip Jessup's Record

Your editorial of December 3 disturbed me deeply. I had expected a stronger condemnation. You said, "Since 1946, at least, Mr. [Philip] Jessup has been consistently, if not creatively, anti-Communist."

But these activities of Mr. Jessup since 1946 are not anti-Communist: 1) Edited the 1,054-page White Paper in 1949, to explain the loss of China to Communism. This publication was characterized as "one of the most false documents ever published by any country." 2) Served as Dean Acheson's trouble-shooter to the Far East in 1950, just before the Communists attacked South Korea. 3) Favored recognition of Red China in 1950, and is still advocating its seating. 4) Told Admiral Cooke, on November 29, 1949, we were going to furnish no more munitions to Nationalist China. 5) Was a character witness for Alger Hiss.

Woodside, N.Y. TIMOTHY MITCHELL

Confounding Love With Hate

For many reasons, this reader wishes you wouldn't publish any more articles such as "The Right *Not* to Be Loved" [by Taylor Caldwell, December 3].

Its argument was poorly organized and so subjective as to have little general application. As writing, it was crude in its choice of expression and seemingly unedited by either its author or NATIONAL REVIEW. Considered as thought, it could be used to illustrate the sad and callous lack of understanding that has so long prevented adults and children from arriving at their most productive working agreement.

Miss Caldwell may have learned considerable French and arithmetic at an early age; but she learned even more to confound love with hate because she had to submit to punishment used as a form of self-expression by parents and teachers. . . .

Pleasant Valley, Iowa BETSY INNES

Taylor Caldwell correctly asserts that the Christian injunction to "love thy neighbor" requires "respect for each individual soul, justice, fair-dealing, kindness and charity." This is made even plainer in "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

As thyself? Even the most viciously sentimental love-cultists do not claim that anyone should love himself; they would rather have him utterly selfless, ever ready to sacrifice his own interests for the benefit of the collectivity. So, then, I take that divine command to mean that I should recognize that my neighbor is a person like myself, that he is a child of God entitled to the same respect with which I regard myself, that his integrity and individuality are as real and sacred as my own, that he is not a mere animate tool for my manipulation.

Plainly, such an interpretation does not commend itself to the illiberal Liberals and inhumane humanists who "love" the human race but despise human individuals.

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE W. PRICE

The Goldwater-Presley Race

Goldwater and Presley are neck and neck! The current issue of *Publishers' Weekly* includes this item in a report on book sales: "The paperback editions of Senator Barry Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative* and *The Elvis Presley Story* each has 'over 400,000' copies in print."

There must be something funny in this, but my sense of humor hasn't found it yet.

New York City DOROTHY SARA

Neither has ours. —ED.

Bear and Dragon

Congratulations—and thank you—for your supplement on China [November 5]!

Lovelack, Nev. JULIAN B. JONES

Thanks are in order for your fine supplement, which will be of inestimable value in my college career. . . .

Oakland, Cal. ELEANOR LAWFORD

"Bear and Dragon" effectively dispells wishful thinking about a "rift" between Mao and Khrushchev.

New York City M. N. WARD

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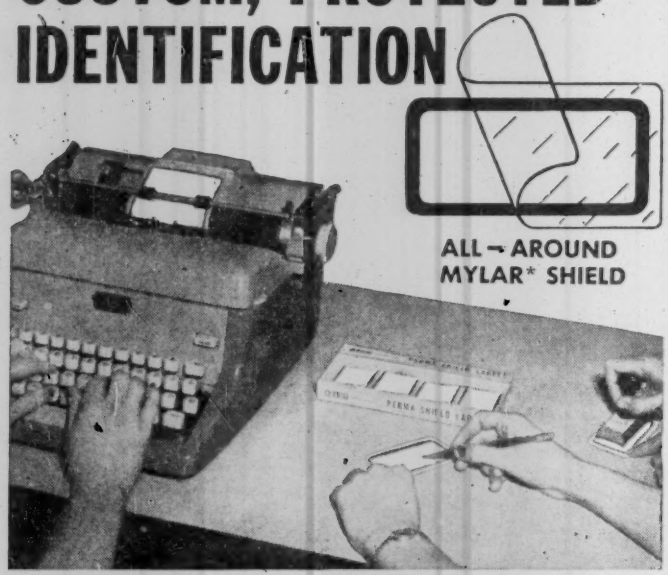

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Provincial?

For shame! Once before I accused NATIONAL REVIEW of being provincial, and now I'm convinced.

The heading "Skid Row Path" [November 19] may be appropriate, but isn't accurate. The proper spelling is "Skid Road," and had its origin in Seattle, about a century ago when the cut trees were sneaked out of the forests and hauled by oxen over planks to the town's first saw mill.

Seattle, Wash. WILLIAM DERMODY

Jumping the Reservation

The two articles about the election in NATIONAL REVIEW [December 3], by Brent Bozell and Frank S. Meyer, are most interesting and complement each other remarkably well. It has seemed to me for some time past, in line with Meyer's views, that for us conservatives to preserve our political existence we cannot just run with the Liberals who control the Republican Party.

I realize that we conservatives are up against an imponderable which might be said to be based on our own views of individualism. The very fact that we are so individualistic makes it difficult to marshal us effectively. But I would hope that this is possible with a Barry Goldwater explaining, as he does so well in his book, the ideology of conservatism, an excelsior which we may hope the individualistic conservative will be willing to follow as legionnaire of liberty.

To accomplish this we must prepare ourselves spiritually and mentally, as Frank Meyer implies, to jump the reservation, although hoping and making every practicable effort not to do so but to take over the Republican Party. . . .

Bennington, Vt. FERDINAND MAYER

When I first heard a "Modern Republican" described as an elephant trying to make a jackass of himself, I thought it couldn't be done. Now, Bozell promises to tell us how this metamorphosis can be accomplished on a large scale.

I can hardly wait.

Los Angeles, Cal. WILLIAM F. MAHER

NR and Minority Groups

I was shocked to read [November 5], even in jest, a reference to Negroes as "Koons" (your spelling) in a description of the "Black Muslims." Now, you and I may well agree that Elijah

Muhammed's group is, indeed, a potential Negro Ku Klux Klan (though they have not, to my knowledge, performed any lynchings to date). To use this as an occasion to gratuitously employ the word "Koon," an epithet normally absent from the vocabulary of civilized Americans, is—I submit—an appeal to the lowest type of prejudice. . . .

Buffalo, N. Y. HERSH L. ALDERSTEIN

The crack was not an appeal of any kind, save possibly to whatever reserves of good sense may yet reside in the Black Muslim movement, which has been denounced as "black racism" by prominent Negro leaders. NATIONAL REVIEW believes humor is an effective instrument for heightening perspectives in human relations, commends its position to Reader Alderstein. —ED.

Mr. Schlamm: Very Much Alive

E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's article, "The Phenomenon of Willi Schlamm" (in NATIONAL REVIEW of September 24), as intelligent and searching as all his reporting, contained such a glaring error of fact that I was certain Kuehnelt-Leddihn would correct it speedily out of his own volition. But for some reason he did not, and so I'll have to do it for him.

After telling the story of my German adventures quite factually, he suddenly lets me disappear in thin air. ". . . No one seems to know even if he is still in Germany and no word about him is breathed throughout the land." Kuehnelt-Leddihn, who must have written his article not later than the latter half of August, states this after having correctly reported that a quite filthy cover story in the German news-magazine *Der Spiegel* of June 1960, had propelled me into the noisiest kind of publicity anybody has had in Germany for many a year. Yet only eight weeks later, quite strangely, Kuehnelt-Leddihn could not find a trace of me.

Now it is true that I stopped, on very competent advice, my public lecturing in July and that I shall not resume it before next spring. My public appearances in Germany had assumed utterly unmanageable proportions—thousands of passionate people inside the hall, thousands of others restrained by police on the streets outside. A breathing spell of several months was clearly indicated for an inflamed German public as

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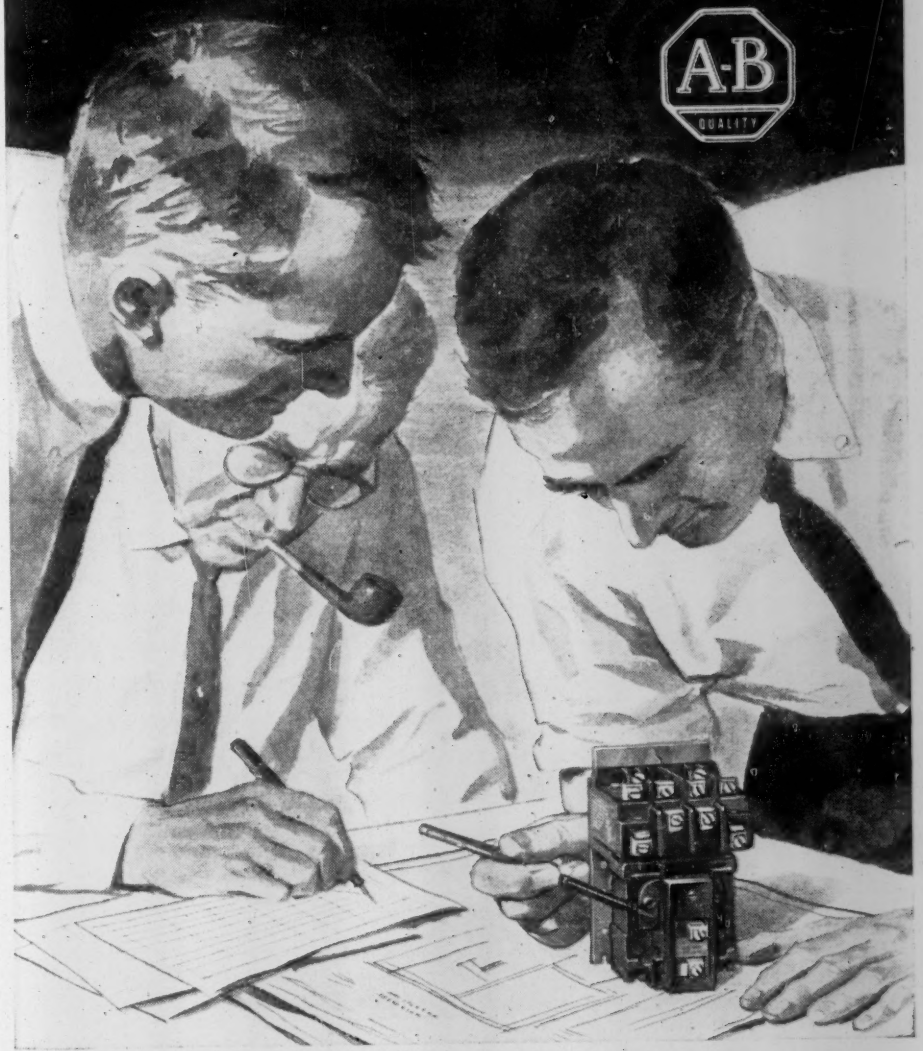

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well as for me. And as my public appearances stopped in July, the press had less to report about me during the summer.

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A correction of Kuehnelt-Leddihn's negative inventiveness is important to me, if only to reassure my friends among the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW that I am still alive. American friends keep sending me hundreds and hundreds of worried airmail letters, 15 cents postage a piece. (Somehow one knows my European address in Texas, Wyoming, North Dakota and California, though not in Kuehnelt-Leddihn's delightful Tyrolean town.) Fifty-three such letters arrived in yesterday's mail, eighty-seven in today's—more than one-hundred dollars have been wasted on airmail postage by kind American people, since Kuehnelt-Leddihn made me disappear. I cannot possibly answer them all: I am still a one-man mass-movement without even a secretary. But I am delighted with their worried greetings. And I may be allowed to return these greetings through the magazine in which E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn published his (my) premature *post-mortem*.

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